

THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

OR, MONTHLY MUSEUM OF KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

No. III.]—For MARCH, 1790.—[Vol. II.

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Ornamented with a Copperplate ENGRAVING, representing the NEW COURT HOUSE in SALEM. Also a Piece of MUSICK, printed typographically.

PRINTED AT BOSTON,

BY ISAAH THOMAS AND EBENEZER T. ANDREWS.

At FAUST'S STATUE, No. 45, NEWBURY STREET.

Sold at their Bookstore, by said THOMAS at his Bookstore in WORCESTER, and by the several Gentlemen who receive Subscriptions for this Work.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to CORRESPONDENTS.

Fragment, by *Lavinia*, we are happy to insert, and are pleased at her re-assumption of the pen.

American written Novel, by *Punctilio*, merits thanks, and shall be attended to.

Prosaick Epitaph, by Dr. Young, claims a place in the *Scrapiad*, No. 4.

Account of *Davis' Streight Whale Fishery* will be inserted upon a smaller scale. We prefer *subtraction* to *multiplication*.

E. P. H's Mathematical Question, about the old woman and her Eggs, perhaps may be *batched* next *setting* time.

A *real character*, from life, aims at the living, and insults the dead—consequently inadmissible.

Philosophical Questions, are received, and will be inserted.

Various other favours from correspondents, are received, and due attention will be paid to them.

To the OFFSPRING of the NINE.

Solution to the Puzzle in last Magazine by a Dartmouth Sophomore, aged 15, by E. P. H. *Lavinia*, *Cassius* and several others, are gratefully acknowledged. *Philo Musico* obtained the preference, having favoured us with Notes to accompany the Words.

Lines to Spring, by the author of the *Cot*, will be inserted in the month of April.

J. W. L's Invocation to Hope, received, as a prelude to future communications.

Elegiack Lines, sacred to the memory of Mrs. *Abigail Jones*, are so replete with poetick excellence, that we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of transplanting them to the *Seat of the Muses*, and wish that *Philenia* may long adorn the Temple of *Minerva*.

Nuptial Verses, from a brother to his sister, will appear next month.—If the courtship was as lengthy, alas poor souls!

New Epilogue to the Recruiting Officer, does honour to *Constantia's* heart.

Florella, by B. sentimental and pretty.

Belinda's Fragment of Irish Sonnet, happily paraphrased; we request a continuance of her correspondence.

Euphelia, ever merits attention. Her Spring, is Nature.

Extracts from the Zenith of Glory, shall be continued whenever there is opportunity.

The Beardless youth—may tarry at *Jericho* till his beard is grown.

Try me, prove me,—indulge us to decline both.

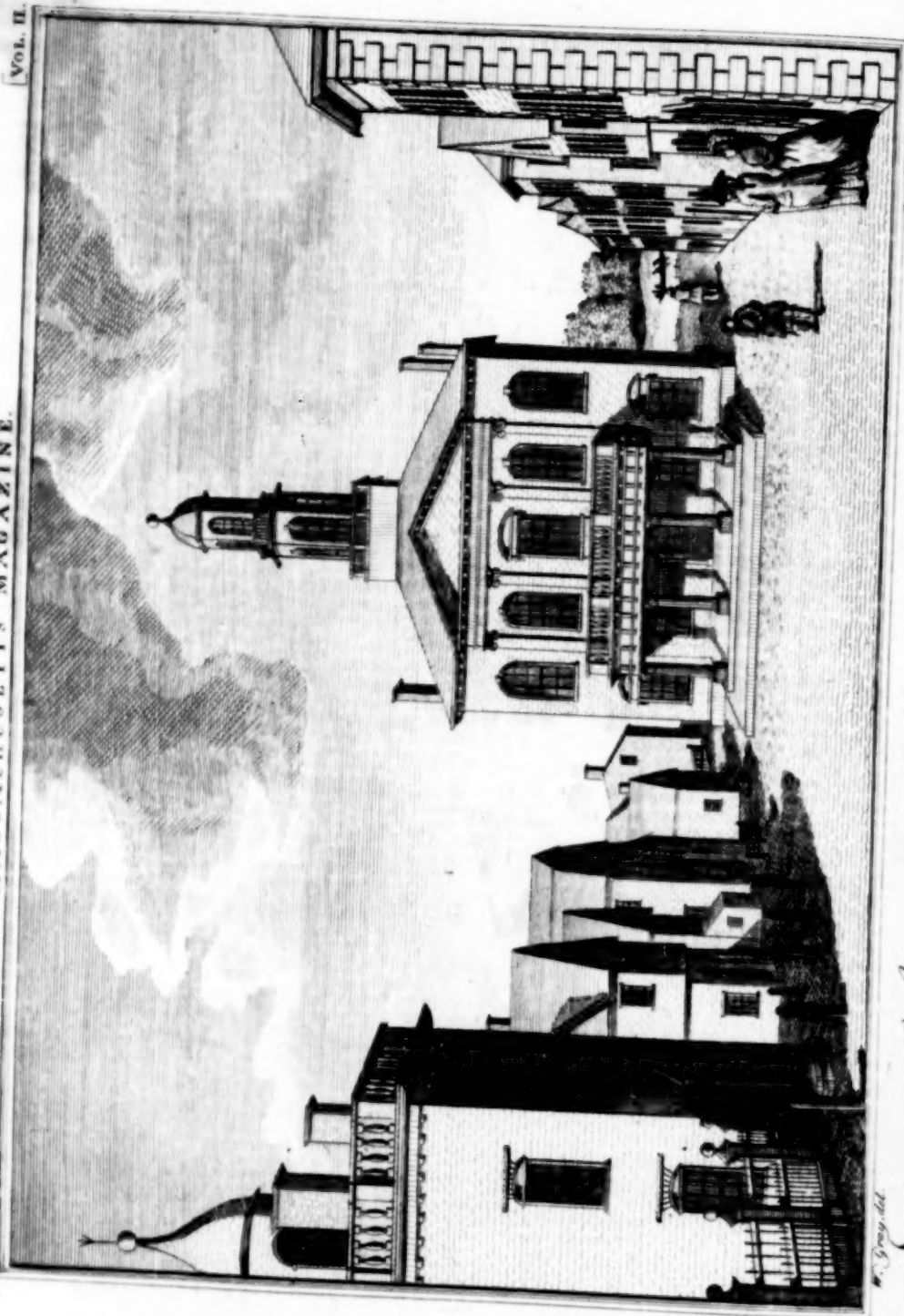
We would esteem it a peculiar favour, if our correspondents, in general, would be more concise. Some, wisely think they shall be *read*, for their *much* writing; as others expect to be *heard* for their *much* speaking.

Authors are requested to TITLE their respective performances; as perhaps our own ideas upon this subject, may not always coincide with the writers.

ERRATA.—At the close of the Letter, signed *George Pennock*, published in December Magazine, page 783, for *your servant*, read *your friend*. The alteration of the word, was in reality an unintentional error; for we really prefer the communications of an ingenious *friend*, as this valuable writer truly is, to the complimentary language of *servants*, who never served us only in idea.

Current Prices of PUBLICK SECURITIES, March 31, 1790.

	s.	d.
Final Settlements,	7	4
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View of the COURT HOUSE, in - Salem, Massachusetts.



T H E

MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

For M A R C H, 1790.

DESCRIPTION of the COURT HOUSE in SALEM.

[Illustrated by a neatly Engraved COPPERPLATE.]

THE Court House in Salem, is a large, elegant building, and stands towards the end of a handsome, spacious street. On the lower floor, on the eastern side, is a range of offices, large and convenient; one of which is occupied by the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Essex; in which are kept all the records of that court: The other two are used as offices, for the Selectmen and Assessors of the town of Salem. The remainder of the lower story is a fine capacious area, for walking, &c.

The second story is composed of a large court hall, with seats on every side, for the Judges, officers of the court, and for the auditors—said to be the best constructed room, for the holding of courts, of any in the Com-

monwealth, and perhaps is not exceeded by any in the United States. In the ceiling is a handsome ventilator. Back of the Judges' seat is a Venetian window, highly finished in the Ionick order; which affords a beautiful prospect, of a fine river, extensive well cultivated fields and groves; in addition to which, the passing and repassing of vessels continually, in the river, makes a pleasing variety. There is also on this floor a convenient lobby for Jurors, &c.

This house was begun in 1785, and completed in 1786, at the joint expense of the county of Essex and town of Salem. The plan of it was designed by the ingenious Mr. Samuel McIntire, and executed by that able architect, Mr. Daniel Bancroft, both of Salem.

CHASTITY AN ADDITIONAL ORNAMENT TO BEAUTY.

[A SCRAP, from the SPECTATOR.]

THERE is no charm in the female sex, that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. It is observed, that all the virtues are represented by both painters and statuary under female shapes; but if

any one of them has a more particular title to that sex, it is Modesty. I shall leave it to the divines to guard them against the opposite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations; it is sufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by instinct.

The

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE,
GENTLEMEN,

The following ESSAY is yielded to the patronage of Candour.—If it hath been anticipated, the testimony of many respectable persons, who saw it in manuscript as early as the year 1779, can obviate the imputation of plagiarism.

On the EQUALITY of the SEXES,

THAT minds are not alike, full well I know,
This truth each day's experience will show ;
To heights surprising some great spirits soar,
With inborn strength mysterious depths explore ;
Their eager gaze surveys the path of light,
Confest it stood to Newton's piercing sight.
Deep science, like a bashful maid retires,
And but the ardent breast her worth inspires ;
By perseverance the coy fair is won.
And Genius, led by Study, wears the crown.
But some there are who wish not to improve,
Who never can the path of knowledge love,
Whose souls almost with the dull body one,
With anxious care each mental pleasure shun ;
Weak is the level'd, enervated mind,
And but while here to vegetate design'd.
The torpid spirit mingling with its clod,
Can scarcely boast its origin from God ;
Stupidly dull—they move progressing on—
They eat, and drink, and all their work is done.
While others, emulous of sweet applause,
Industrious seek for each event a cause,
Tracing the hidden springs whence knowledge flows,
Which nature all in beauteous order shows.
Yet cannot I their sentiments imbibe,
Who this distinction to the sex ascribe,
As if a woman's form must needs enrol,
A weak, a servile, an inferior soul ;
And that the guise of man must still proclaim,
Greatness of mind, and him, to be the same :
Yet as the hours revolve fair proofs arise,
Which the bright wreath of growing fame supplies ;
And in past times some men have sunk so low,
That female records nothing less can show.
But imbecility is still confin'd,
And by the lordly sex to us consign'd ;
They rob us of the power t' improve,
And then declare we only trifles love ;
Yet haste the era, when the world shall know,
That such distinctions only dwell below ;
The soul unfetter'd, to no sex confin'd,
Was for the abodes of cloudless day design'd.
Mean time we emulate their manly fires,
Though erudition all their thoughts inspires,
Yet nature with equality imparts,
And noble passions, swell e'en female hearts.

IS it upon mature consideration we adopt the idea, that nature is thus partial in her distributions ? Is it indeed a fact, that she hath yielded to one half of the human species so unquestionable a mental superiority ? I know that to both sexes elevated understandings, and the reverse, are common. But, suffer me to ask, in what the minds of females are so notoriously deficient, or unequal. May

not the intellectual powers be ranged under these four heads—imagination; reason, memory and judgment. The province of imagination hath long since been surrendered up to us, and we have been crowned undoubted sovereigns of the regions of fancy. Invention is perhaps the most arduous effort of the mind ; this branch of imagination hath been particularly ceded to us, and we have been time
out

out of mind invested with that creative faculty. Observe the variety of fashions (here I bar the contemptuous smile) which distinguish and adorn the female world ; how continually are they changing, inasmuch that they almost render the wise man's assertion problematical, and we are ready to say, *there is something new under the sun*. Now what a playfulness, what an exuberance of fancy, what strength of inventive imagination, doth this continual variation discover ? Again, it hath been observed, that if the turpitude of the conduct of our sex, hath been ever so enormous, so extremely ready are we, that the very first thought presents us with an apology, so plausible, as to produce our actions even in an amiable light. Another instance of our creative powers, is our talent for slander ; how ingenious are we at inventive scandal ? what a formidable story can we in a moment fabricate merely from the force of a prolific imagination ? how many reputations, in the fertile brain of a female, have been utterly despoiled ? how industrious are we at improving a hint ? suspicion how easily do we convert into conviction, and conviction, embellished by the power of eloquence, stalks abroad to the surprise and confusion of unsuspecting innocence. Perhaps it will be asked if I furnish these facts as instances of excellency in our sex. Certainly not ; but as proofs of a creative faculty, of a lively imagination. Assuredly great activity of mind is thereby discovered, and was this activity properly directed, what beneficial effects would follow. Is the needle and kitchen sufficient to employ the operations of a soul thus organized ? I should conceive not. Nay, it is a truth that those very departments leave the intelligent principle vacant, and at liberty for speculation. Are we deficient in reason ? we can only reason from what we know, and if an opportunity of acquiring knowledge hath been denied us, the inferiority of our sex, cannot fairly be deduced from thence. Memory, I believe, will be allowed us in common, since every one's experience must testify, that a loquacious old woman is as frequent-

ly met with, as a communicative old man ; their subjects are alike drawn from the fund of other times, and the transactions of their youth, or of maturer life, entertain, or perhaps fatigue you, in the evening of their lives. " But our judgment is not so strong— we do not distinguish so well."—Yet it may be questioned, from what doth this superiority, in this determining faculty of the soul, proceed. May we not trace its source in the difference of education, and continued advantages ? Will it be said that the judgment of a male of two years old, is more sage than that of a female's of the same age ? I believe the reverse is generally observed to be true. But from that period what partiality ! how is the one exalted, and the other depressed, by the contrary modes of education which are adopted ! the one is taught to aspire, and the other is early confined and limited. As their years increase, the sister must be wholly domesticated, while the brother is led by the hand through all the flowery paths of science. Grant that their minds are by nature equal, yet who shall wonder at the *apparent* superiority, if indeed custom becomes *second nature* ; nay if it taketh place of nature, and that it doth the experience of each day will evince. At length arrived at womanhood, the uncultivated fair one feels a void, which the employments allotted her are by no means capable of filling. What can she do ? to books she may not apply ; or if she doth, *to those only of the novel kind*, lest she merit the appellation of a *learned lady* ; and what ideas have been affixed to this term, the observation of many can testify. Fashion, scandal, and sometimes what is still more reprehensible, are then called in to her relief ; and who can say to what lengths the liberties she takes may proceed. Meantime the herself is most unhappy ; she feels the want of a cultivated mind. Is she single, she in vain seeks to fill up time from sexual employments or amusements. Is she united to a person whose soul nature made equal to her own, education hath set him so far above her, that in those entertainments which are productive of such rational felicity,

felicity, she is not qualified to accompany him. She experiences a mortifying consciousness of inferiority, which embitters every enjoyment. Doth the person to whom her adverse fate hath consigned her, possess a mind incapable of improvement, she is equally wretched, in being so closely connected with an individual whom she cannot but despise. Now, was she permitted the same instructors as her brother, (with an eye however to their particular departments) for the employment of a rational mind an ample field would be opened.¹ In astronomy she might catch a glimpse of the immensity of the Deity, and thence she would form amazing conceptions of the august and supreme Intelligence. In geography she would admire Jehovah in the midst of his benevolence; thus adapting this globe to the various wants and amusements of its inhabitants. In natural philosophy she would adore the infinite majesty of heaven, clothed in condescension; and as she traversed the reptile world, she would hail the goodness of a creating God. A mind, thus filled, would have little room for the trifles with which our sex are, with too much justice, accused of amusing themselves, and they would thus be rendered fit companions for those, who should one day wear them as their crown. Fashions, in their variety, would then give place to conjectures, which might perhaps conduce to the improvement of the literary world; and there would be no leisure for slander or detraction. Reputation would not then be blasted, but serious speculations would occupy the lively imaginations of the sex. Unnecessary visits would be precluded, and that custom would only be indulged by way of relaxation, or to answer the demands of consanguinity and friendship. Females would become discreet, their judgments would be invigorated, and their partners for life being circumspectly chosen, an unhappy Hymen would then be as rare, as is now the reverse.

Will it be urged that those acquirements would supersede our domestick duties. I answer that every requisite in female economy is easily attained;

and, with truth I can add, that when once attained, they require no further *mental attention*. Nay, while we are pursuing the needle, or the superintendency of the family, I repeat, that our minds are at full liberty for reflection; that imagination may exert itself in full vigor; and that if a just foundation is early laid, our ideas will then be worthy of rational beings. If we were industrious we might easily find time to arrange them upon paper, or should avocations press too hard for such an indulgence, the hours allotted for conversation would at least become more refined and rational. Should it still be vociferated, "Your domestick employments are sufficient"—I would calmly ask, is it reasonable, that a candidate for immortality, for the joys of heaven, an intelligent being, who is to spend an eternity in contemplating the works of Deity, should at present be so degraded, as to be allowed no other ideas, than those which are suggested by the mechanism of a pudding, or the sewing the seams of a garment? Pity that all such censurers of female improvement do not go one step further, and deny their future existence; to be consistent they surely ought.

Yes, ye lordly, ye haughty sex, our souls are by nature *equal* to yours; the same breath of God animates, enlivens, and invigorates us; and that we are not fallen lower than yourselves, let those witnesses who have greatly towered above the various discouragements by which they have been so heavily oppressed; and though I am unacquainted with the list of celebrated characters on either side, yet from the observations I have made in the contracted circle in which I have moved, I dare confidently believe, that from the commencement of time to the present day, there hath been as many females, as males, who, by the *mere force of natural powers*, have merited the crown of applause; who, *thus unassisted*, have seized the wreath of fame. I know there are who assert, that as the animal powers of the one sex are superiour, of course their mental faculties also must be stronger; thus attributing strength of mind to the transient organization of this earth
born

born tenement. But if this reasoning is just, man must be content to yield the palm to many of the brute creation, since by not a few of his brethren of the field, he is far surpassed in bodily strength. Moreover, was this argument admitted, it would prove too much, for ocular demonstration evinceth, that there are many robust masculine ladies, and effeminate gentlemen. Yet I fancy that Mr. Pope, though clogged with an enervated body, and distinguished by a diminutive stature, could nevertheless lay claim to greatness of soul; and perhaps there are many other instances which might be adduced to combat so unphilosophical an opinion. Do

we not often see, that when the clay built tabernacle is well nigh dissolved, when it is just ready to mingle with the parent soil, the immortal inhabitant aspires to, and even attaineth heights the most sublime, and which were before wholly unexplored. Besides, were we to grant that animal strength proved any thing, taking into consideration the accustomed impartiality of nature, we should be induced to imagine, that she had invested the female mind with superiour strength as an equivalent for the bodily powers of man. But waving this however palpable advantage, for equality only, we wish to contend.

[To be concluded next month.]

The TEMPLE of PLEASURE.—A VISION.

IT is justly observed by Milton, that it is the bent of human nature to admit delight; and pleasure, rightly understood, must be allowed to be that *summum bonum* concerning which the ancients lost themselves in vain disputes. Pleasure however seems to be confined to one stage of life; when youth, which the French emphatically call, *la belle age*, is over, pleasure seems to expire at the same time. The enjoyments of manhood are more closely connected with reason, and dull tranquillity is the utmost old age can hope for. These reflections were raised in my mind by a vision I beheld a few nights ago, which I apprehend to have been occasioned by the impression made on me by Virgil's beautiful description of the Elysian Fields, which I had perused with attention just before I went to bed. I imagined myself in a plain of vast extent, the liveliness of whose verdure surpassed any thing I had ever seen; through the midst of it rolled a river of a considerable breadth, the banks of which seemed to resemble the Hesperian gardens; they were beautifully variegated with vineyards, groves of pomegranate and orange, and orchards loaden with all sorts of the most delicious fruits. The azure canopy was of a colour not to be matched in the finest climate upon

earth, nor represented by the pencil of a Lorraine. Methought I advanced to the banks of the river, where I saw a bark which was upon the point of setting sail, and crowds of persons, of both sexes, stood upon the shore waiting for a passage.

The bark resembled that in which Cleopatra sailed down the river Cydnus to meet Mark Antony. I pressed forward with a crowd of young men, elate with hope, and flushed with joy. When we were upon the point of entering, a group of venerable old men approached the pilot, and desired to be admitted in preference to us, on account of their age. "The very plea you urge (answered the pilot) excludes you; the rule which obtains elsewhere is here inverted; the bark is bound to the island of Pleasure, and in that voyage young men have always the precedence." As soon as there was a sufficient number on board we set off, and were wafted by a prosperous gale to the island of Pleasure, soft music playing to entertain us during the passage. As we approached this island, the fragrance exhaled from thence, filled all our senses with delight; and when we landed, a band of young persons of both sexes approached us, with eyes which swam with joy, and welcomed us to the island of Pleasure. They were all of them

them of the most exquisite beauty, and dressed in the gayest and most becoming manner imaginable. Their tresses were adorned with wreaths of finer flowers, than those gathered by Proserpine on Sicilian plains, and in their hands they held garlands of the same. After we had joined in their merriment, and some time had passed in the sprightly dance and in songs, by listening to which the soul was ravished with delight, a nymph, whose form could not be surpassed by that of Venus, addressed the company to this effect: "Avail yourselves, my companions, of the dear, delightful days of youth; reason, at that age, consists entirely in the choice of pleasures. Let Love preside over your festivals; come, follow his footsteps: If your pleasures are not enlivened by the influence of that God, they will soon prove tasteless and insipid; he even here offers your first conquests; he waits only for your vows; make haste to be happy."

She then proposed to conduct us to the Temple of Pleasure, which stood not far off, surrounded by a delightful grove. We set out with joy, and journeyed on with alacrity. Comus with a troop of revellers joined us by the way, and Care was banished from every breast. When we approached the Temple of Pleasure, the exquisite beauty of the edifice struck us with surprise; and what we chiefly admired the architect for was

that he had found out the secret to conceal his art. The crowd entered with such eagerness and precipitation, and there was such jostling at the gate of the temple, that I remained among the last. When I was just entering, I was taken aside by a person, who, removing the mask of youth, by the means of which he had entered unperceived into the bark, discovered himself to be a venerable old man. Methought he addressed me in terms like these: "My son, do not enter the temple; the sacrifices which Pleasure makes to Love in this island, are such as Virtue cannot assist at without a blush. The votaries of Love, who sacrifice in the Temple of Pleasure, are but ill requited for their pains. Want and diseases in old age are the general consequences of a few fleeting pleasures enjoyed in youth. I do not disapprove of your having come thus far in quest of pleasure, the desire of it is natural, especially at your stage of life; but you should endeavour to taste the honey without wounding the flower. Disgust lies at the bottom of the cup of pleasure; to taste it rightly, we should skim over its surface."

Whilst I was preparing an answer, the temple all on a sudden rung so loudly with riot and jollity that I immediately awoke, and, in reflecting upon my dream, could not conjecture what resolution I would have taken had it been a reality.

ORIGIN of PLAYS.

THE first Comedy was acted at Athens on a scaffold, by Sussarian and Dolon, 562 years before Christ. Those of Terence were first performed 154 years before Christ. The first in England was in the year 1551. Tragedy was first acted at Athens on a waggon, 535 years before Christ, by Thespis, a native of Icaria, a town of Attica, in Greece, in whose time a tragedy was carried on by a set of musicians and dancers, who, as they danced, sung hymns to the praise of Bacchus; and that the musicians and dancers might have time to rest, and that the people should have some new diversion, introduced an actor, who, between every two songs, repeat-

ed some discourse on a tragical subject. This actor's discourse was called the episode. Thespis also furnished satyr with actors; and Horace says he brought forth his satyrs in an uncovered chariot, where they rehearsed their poems, their faces being daubed with dregs of wine, or, according to Suidas, painted with ceruse and vermilion, to represent the satyrs, who are represented with a red and high coloured visage. The episode meeting with a kind reception amongst the people, Æschylus introduced two actors, and Sophocles added a third, which brought Tragedy into its full perfection.

The

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The PHILANTHROPIST. No. XV.

*In mea vesanas habui dispendia vires,
Et valui pœnas fortis in ipse meas.*—OVID.

"Of strength, pernicious to myself, I boast;
"The pow'rs I have were giv'n me to my cost."

WHAT a pity it is, that any of the appetites and passions of our compound nature, and much more that any of the powers of the human soul, which were given by our beneficent Creator for our advancement in happiness and perfection, should be misused, and perverted to our hurt—to sink us still deeper in ignominy and misery! But this is an effect and evidence of human imbecility and depravity.—What a pity it is, that not only parts, but learning, which has such a tendency to brighten the mind, and raise our nature to refinement and dignity, should in any instance be abused, and lead a person further astray from rectitude and happiness, and while it enlarges the understanding, should debase the man! But so it is that some brilliant geniusses, cultivated with elegance and enriched with knowledge, whereby they have shined with superior radiance, have been unhappily united with corrupt hearts and vitiated dispositions. So that if they exalted human nature by intellectual improvements, they debased it more by their licentious principles or immoral practices. By the brightness of their understandings and the extent of their knowledge, they carried with them a light, the better to shew the defects of their character, the meanness of their views, and the contempt which they have deserved.

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon
shin'd

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

Reason is confessedly the superiour faculty of the soul, and given to control and regulate the whole man. And one would think that reason, aided by learning, should always shew itself superiour to the meaner powers of appetite and passion; that a cultivated mind should feel such a delicacy, such a sense of propriety, such an impression of obligation, as to discard vice, which is meanness itself, and

Vol. II. March, 1790. R

disdain the thought of criminal indulgence. But genius itself has been bribed into the service of licentiousness, and employed for the support of unmanly practices. Refined minds have directed the pen, the pencil, and the tongue, to give wickedness an engaging form, to heighten the allurements of the harlot pleasure, and to soften the melody of her syren song. The hand of refinement has been employed to strew with flowers the paths of destruction, and to gild with attractive gaudiness the monuments of infamy.

Writers of superiour talents are justly considered by moralists as very dangerous, if their principles be not sound and their minds pure. Corrupt nature ever entertains a wish to soften the severity of virtue, to relax the strictness of the sacred law, to smooth the ruggedness of the road to heaven, to find fewer and gentler prohibitions *from*, and more ready permissions *for* the indulgence of the appetites and passions. Those authors, therefore, and those preachers, will have the greatest number of admirers, who are less rigid in the principles and duties which they inculcate; whose scheme of religion is the best accommodated to the natural propensities of the heart; and has the least of self denial in it; which leads its votaries along in easy and flowery paths, and promises security without a great degree of circumspection, and a glorious reward from the Supreme Retributor, without a solicitous assiduity in serving and obeying him. But, certainly, those instructors are the safest, and should be the most regarded, who prescribe the purest morality, who support, with the clearest reasons, a system of religion the worthiest for the Deity to prescribe, and the best adapted to the exigencies of man, and to promote his perfection. Those writers are the most excellent, whose works are the best adapted to raise, refine, and dignify human nature, to cure

cure the distempers of the mind and heart, to extend and support the empire of reason, to assist it in the government of the appetites and passions, and in regulating the whole man. Those books and discourses, therefore, which tend to cloud the views of the mind, and damp its exertions, to inspire fallacious hopes, or discourage such as are reasonable, to reconcile the soul to its degraded and distempered state, and to cool its aspirations and efforts to attain health, purity and soundness, are not the books which an enlightened Philanthropist can recommend. The Deist, the Fatalist, the Materialist, whatever they may claim or conceit, will never obtain the honour of prescribing a system well adapted to the advancement of our nature in dignity and felicity. The Deist, by denying revelation, by endeavouring to destroy the credibility of christianity, and degrade its author, not merely to a man, but to a vile impostor, damps our spirits, destroys our hopes, quenches our ambition, and unnerves our souls in their upward flights, in their virtuous enterprises and godlike exertions. The same effect is produced in the mind by the schemes of the Fatalist and the Materialist. According to the first, men are carried on, through the stream of time, with as much necessity, and with as little independence and freedom, as a river, confined within its banks, is propelled to the ocean. Subjected to this fatal necessity, we cannot, with all our boasted powers of reason, of choice, and of self determination, feel ourselves superiour to corporeal substance, which is invariably subject to the force of gravity. The doctrine of materialism

cuts off at once our affinity to angels, and to him whom we have been taught to glory in as the *Father of our Spirits*; forbids us to claim any kindred with beings above us in the intellectual world, and directs us to look downward to the earth for our sole origin and end, and to the creatures upon it as our only relations. In proportion as such sentiments prevail, must not ambition be checked, mental exertions and moral improvements discouraged, and human nature in consequence degraded? And in this view of things, does it not seem probable, that certain schemes and doctrines of some of our pious divines are not so promotive of the dignity and improvements of human nature as could be wished, inasmuch as they have an apparent tendency to discourage human endeavours, to undervalue human virtues, to throw a gloom upon the mind, to narrow its conceptions and contract its charity? But it is not the business nor the wish of the Philanthropist to route the genius of controversy. Much rather would he administer a quieting sop to such a troublesome visitant; than introduce him to the acquaintance of his benevolent readers. Much rather would he hand round the cup of consolation to all his fellow creatures, mingled with such ingredients as would animate their drooping spirits, give a spring to their courage, their ambition, and efforts to apply a remedy to every evil and imperfection that a remedy could reach, as would inspire them with good humour towards one another, and with patience under evils that are unavoidable, and as would call forth their mutual exertions for mutual amendment and mutual happiness.

On the ANALOGY between ANIMALS and VEGETABLES.

[Continued from page 89.]

THE eastern practice of fecundating the female palm tree by shaking over it the dust of the male, which Herodotus mentions in his account of the country about Babylon, and of which Dr. Hasselquist, in the year 1750, was an eye witness, was not unknown to

Aristotle and Pliny: But the ancients seem not to have carried the sexual system beyond that single instance, which was of so remarkable a kind that it was hardly possible for them to overlook it; at present there are few botanists in Europe who do not admit its

its universality. It seems generally agreed, that a communication of sexes, in order to produce their like, belongs to vegetables as well as to animals. The disputes subsisting among the anatomists concerning the manner in which conception is accomplished, whether every animal be produced *ab ovo femella*, or a *vermiculo in femine maris*, are exactly similar to those among botanists concerning the manner in which the *farina foecundans* contributes to the rendering the seed prolific: But, however these doubts may be determined, they affect not the present inquiry, since it is allowed on all hands that as the eggs of oviparous animals, though they arrive at their full magnitude, are incapable of being vivified by incubation, unless the female hath had commerce with the male; so the dates of female palm trees, and the fruits of other plants, though they ripen, and arrive at maturity, will not grow unless they have been foecundated by the pollen of the male.

In like manner, notwithstanding the diversity of opinion which hath long subsisted, and in a matter so little capable of being enlightened by experiment, probably ever will subsist, concerning the *modus agendi* by which nature elaborates the nutritive fluid, administers it to the foetus in the womb, and produces an extension of parts; yet since a placenta and an umbilical chord are by all thought essential to the effecting these ends; and since the cotyledons of plants, which include the corculum or first principle of the future plant with which they communicate by means of tubes branched out into infinite ramifications, are wholly analogous to the placenta and umbilical chord of animals, we have great reason to suppose that the embryo plant and the embryo animal are nourished and dilated in their dimensions after the same way. This analogy might be extended and confirmed by observing that the lobes, within which the foecundated germ is placed, are by putrefaction converted into a milky fluid well adapted as an aliment to the tender state of the plant. Expiration and inspiration, a kind of larynx, and lungs, perspiration, imbibition,

arteries, veins, lacteals, an organized body, and probably a circulating fluid, appertain to vegetables as well as to animals. Life belongs alike to both kingdoms, and seems to depend upon the same principle in both; stop the motion of the fluids in an animal limb by a strong ligature, the limb mortifies beyond the ligature, and drops off; a branch of a tree, under like circumstances, grows dry, and rots away. Health and sickness are only other terms for tendencies to prolong or to abridge the period of life, and therefore must belong to both vegetables and animals, as being both possessed of life. An east wind, in our climate, by its lack of moisture, is prejudicial to both; both are subject to be frost bitten, and to consequent mortifications; both languish in excessive heats; both experience extravasations of juices from repletion, and pinings from inanition; both can suffer amputation of limbs without being deprived of life, and in a similar manner both form a callus; both are liable to contracting diseases by infection; both are strengthened by air and motion. Alpine plants, and such as are exposed to frequent agitation from winds, being far firmer and longer lived than those which grow in shady groves, or hot houses; both are incapable of assimilating to their proper substance all kinds of food; for fruits are found to taste of the soil, just as the urine, and milk, and flesh, and bones of animals, often give indication of the particular pabulum with which they have been fed; both die of old age, from excess of hunger or thirst, from external injuries, from intemperature of weather, or poisoned food. Seeds of various kinds retain their vegetative powers for many years: The vivification of the ova, from which the insects occasioning the smut in corn, and the *infusoria animalcula* observable in water after the maceration of plants, probably proceed, may be esteemed a similar phenomenon. It is not yet clearly decided amongst naturalists, whether the seeds of mushrooms, of mucors, and of the whole class of fungi, be not in a tepid, humid matrix, changed into vermicular animals, which lose in a little

little time their power of spontaneous motion, coalesce together, and grow up into these very singular plants; the quickness of their increase, and the irresistible force with which the least mouldiness propagates itself, and destroys the texture of the bodies upon which it fixes, seem to point towards an animal nature.

Different vegetables require different soils, as different animals do different food for their support and well being: Aquaticks pine away in dry sandy grounds, and plants which love rocks and barren situations, where they imbibe their chief nutriment from the air, become diseased and putrid in rich bogs and swamps.

There are aquatick animals which become immovable and lifeless when the rivulets in which they subsisted happen to be dried up, but which recover their life and locomotive powers upon the descent of rain; in this circumstance they are analogous to the class of mosses among vegetables, which, though they appear to be dried up, and ready to crumble into dust during the heats of summer, yet recover their verdure and vegetable life in winter, or upon being put into a humid soil.

Trembley, Bonnet, and Spallanzani, have vastly amplified our views of nature: They have discovered to us divers species of animals, which may be cut into a variety of pieces without losing their animal life, each piece growing up into a perfect animal of the same kind; the multiplication of vegetables by the planting of branches, suckers, or joints of roots, is a similar effect. The reproduction of the legs of crow fish, lobsters, crabs, of the horns and heads of snails, legs of lizards, of the bony legs and tails of salamanders, when by accident or design they have been deprived of them; and the great difference in the time of the reproduction, according to the season of the year in which the limb is lost, are wonders in the animal kingdom, but wholly analogous to the repullulation of trees after lopping.

All plants, except those of the classes Monœcia and Diœcia, are hermaphrodites; that is they have the male and female organs of generation within

the same impalement. Shell fish, and such other animals as resemble vegetables in not being able to move far in search of mates, with which they might propagate their kind, are hermaphrodites also: Reaumur hath proved that vine fretters do not want an union of sexes for the multiplication of their kind.

From the conjunction of animals of different species are produced hybrides, which in many cases cannot propagate; botanists have tried the experiment, and by fecundating female flowers with the male dust of another species, have produced hybridous plants, of an intermediate shape, the seeds of which are barren and effete.

Trees shed their leaves as birds do their feathers, and hirsute animals their hair. At particular seasons the juices of vegetables move with fullness and vigour; at others they are less plentiful, and seem to stagnate; and in this they resemble dormice, bats, frogs, and numberless other animals of cold blood, which lie torpid and destitute of every sign of life during the winter time; the action of the lungs and of the heart being, if any, imperceptibly weak and languid.

Few, if any animals, can exist without a reciprocal succession of sleep and vigilance, and the younger the animal, the greater is its propensity to sleep; the same alternatives seem necessary for the health of several vegetables; a great variety of plants fold up their leaves, and seemingly compose themselves to rest, in the night time; and this disposition for sleep is more remarkable in young plants than in old ones; nor does it, as might be suspected, depend upon the influence of light or heat, since plants in hot houses, where the heat is kept at the same degree, fold up their leaves at a stated time in the evening, and expand them in the morning, whether the light be let in upon them or not. It may deserve to be inquired, whether by a relaxation of fibres these plants become subject to a more copious perspiration during sleep than in their state of vigilance, as Sanctorious hath proved to be the case in animals.

There is a great diversity, but a regular succession in the times, in which

which animals of different species feel the æstrum, by which they are stimulated to the propagation of their respective kinds: an order equally determined, is observable in the times of accomplishing the sponſalia of plants. The periods of incubation in oviparous, and of gestation in viviparous animals, are not more various in different species, nor probably more definite in the same, than the periods requisite for the germination and maturation of different seeds. By the influence of heat and cold, abundance

and scarcity of nourishment, the seasons of propagating may be somewhat accelerated or retarded in animals as well as in vegetables; the effects of a cold ungenial spring are as remarkable in the retardation of the procreative intercourses of birds and beasts, as in the stoppage of the leafing of trees, or the flowering of shrubs. In a word, there are so many circumstances in which the anatomy and physiology of some plants agree with those of some animals, that few, I believe, can be mentioned in which they disagree.

The SCHOOL of REASON.—An ALLEGORY.

[Concluded from page 93.]

THE Magician then transported him to another house, where *Belcæur* had just been presented to a most brilliant assembly, consisting of the beaux esprits, and the most accomplished women of the country. Scarce was *Belcæur* seated when he engrossed the whole conversation, to display his knowledge, to shew his wit, and to talk of his adventures; as if there was no merit in the world but his own, or that the merit of others consisted in discerning the homage due to him. At first, every one eagerly listened to him, and gave him all the equivocal signs of applause, such as complacent smiles, which are often bestowed, without having understood what is commended—a word of no consequence, repeated after the perpetual talker, as if that word was an oracle; a look directed to the person in company, who is allowed to have the best judgment, as if to make him share in our admiration of what we have just heard. *Belcæur* disregarded these tokens of dissatisfaction, and increased in his good opinion of himself, and his fondness for talking. At length, to convince him of his error, when he was romancing at large, the company began to admire the extent and fidelity of his memory. If he was pedantick, they extolled his erudition; if he made bad jests, or repeated hackneyed stories, he was commended for his fine invention and modish conversation; in fine, they loaded him with the most unmerited applause. But for a time, this had

not the desired effect, or his vanity made him imagine they were sincere; but finally, perceiving manifest absurdity in their flatteries, he construed it into want of taste, and thanked them for their good intentions; he even went so far as to reprove them, when he thought they were mistaken, and undertook to teach them how to commend with judgment. The assembly enjoyed the secret pleasure of seeing the pride and arrogance of *Belcæur* carried to such a length, that this was not sufficient, it was necessary to make him feel his situation. Immediately every one present changed their conduct with respect to him. As soon as he began to relate an adventure—*À propos*, interrupted a gentleman, now you mention strange circumstances, I had a very extraordinary dream last night—the company drew all attention to the Dreamer, and *Belcæur* was silenced.

Impatient at this opposition, he was distracted at second, for on his attempt to recite verses of his own composition, a rioter started up and entertained the company with a new song. In this, he soon found himself surrounded with men of different talents, who were received with applause by those whom his monopolizing genius had pleased; no longer able to remain in place, where his merit was unnoticed, he rudely withdrew and repaid the Magician, enraged at the regard paid in the island to such a talent.

The Sage

Sage coolly opened the book in which he had inscribed his character, and read to him the following words:—

“BELCOEUR, AS HE WRITES HIMSELF—HE LOVES TO PLEASE.”

Belcœur's real character—“HE ONLY WANTS TO SHINE.”

Struck dumb with this rebuke, he embarked the next day, for his native city, and has had he modesty not to appear as a critic at the theatres, a politician in the coffee houses, nor an orator at disputing clubs.

Our Magician now wanted only the *Idler* to close the scene of human vanity, and he soon enjoyed that supreme satisfaction. As the unwieldy boar was passing across a public square, a crowd of people in grotesque characters, surrounded him, and persuaded him to ascend a triumphal car. Your merit, said they, is universally known, you are worthy the honours of a triumph. They conducted him in this manner to a kind of temple, where a great concourse of citizens expected his arrival. He presented himself to this assembly with a firm resolution to be more singular than ever. A reserved air, false tenets respecting their politics,* vague propositions, abuse of good citizens, the subjects of general admiration; in short, every stratagem to excite adoration of his singularity from the vulgar, and from dependent *litterati*, the puffers of his great merit, was made use of, but in vain, he is not minded, and he has the mortification to see that his fellow citizens think him only a common, plain, sour, morose fellow; and observing his confusion they continued mortifying him to excess; for every extraordinary maxim he advanced to shew his profound erudition, they received as a vulgar sentiment, with which they were familiarly acquainted, before he came among them. He then struck out to the marvellous, told stories, exaggerated and tried every means to astonish, or perplex, but all in vain, for as soon as the crowd began to be attentive, some young upstart began an harangue, and supported the most absurd, extravagant opinions imaginable, till the *Idler* at length

found himself reduced to the necessity of becoming rational.

While he was musing on the strange behaviour of the inhabitants, a youth of eighteen, to whom the enchanter had given the external appearance of an old man, accosted him thus: “I see friend, that with all your cynical airs of affected singularity, you are no philosopher, but a mere simpleton; you are not yet acquainted with the capricious humour of our citizens, who are a kind of fools, who imagine there is great merit in astonishing others by a singular behaviour, and you ought to feel the ridicule of this stupid idea. Common customs are wise conventions, which save people the trouble of exercising their genius upon common objects, you ought therefore to conform to them.

How would you like to have our government force you to walk, to laugh, to converse, to hold your shoulders, and turn your head differently from the rest of your species. Yet such is the singular turn of our people, that to be well with them, you must be as absurd as they are. You will see here a number of scenes which will surprise you, but none to please you. I endeavour to suit the humour of my countrymen: I pass whole days in my chimney corner, and give way to dotage in my family. At noon, I sometimes take a walk in the heat of the sun, as a spectacle to others, and if I vouchsafe to enter into conversation, I treat all the present race of mortals, except a few of my idolisers, as vile dross, and always talk of the virtues of ancient times.”

This discourse ended, several other citizens addressed him, and persecuted him with their singular sentiments, odd gestures, and insolent behaviour. The *Idler* at last losing all patience flew to the Magician, “let me depart your island said he, for your subjects affect singularity, and in fact, are only self sufficient, proud, extravagantly absurd puppies.” “You draw your own picture and theirs, replied the enchanter: Instead of telling me ‘You were singular,’ why did you not tell me truly, that you were dying with envy

* See the False Alarm—and Falkland Islands, political papers written by Doctor Johnson.

to appear so. Return with your companions, and remember that the best school for pretenders to what they really are not—is to place them in societies composed of persons who ex-

actly resemble them, for by this method they will see, as in a mirror, their own deformity, and how insupportable their conduct is to rational men."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
GENTLEMEN,

THE description of Charles River Bridge, and the formalities of first passing it, in June, 1786, appear well done in your Magazine of September, 1789; except the naming Mr. Cox as the principal Engineer. How this error came to creep into the publication, we cannot say. This is not intended to derogate from the abilities, or ingenuity of Mr. Cox as a mechanic; but to say that he was the master builder, or principal overseer of the work, is erroneous; and is doing injustice to the merit of Major SAMUEL SEWALL, of *Old York*, the original projector of Bridges upon this construction. In the year 1761 there was a Wooden Bridge, of a particular construction, and the first of the kind in America, built over *York River* under *Major Sewall's* direction. The cheapness, usefulness and convenience of which, for more than twenty years, gave rise to the proposal of erecting Charles River Bridge. And in the winter of 1784, the Major was applied unto, to found the bottom, and measure the depth of the waters of Charles River, before any decisive steps were taken in the matter. And he was in

fact the principal Engineer, and superintended the wood work from beginning to end. Mr. Cox was very useful and active in the business under the Major, and might be the principal fabricator of the *draw*. And true it is, that Mr. Cox is engaged to build a Wooden Bridge over the river Foyle, in Ireland, upon a similar construction, and we wish him success in the undertaking. But it is a fact well known to many of the Major's acquaintance, that Mr. Cox was not applied to until after *Major Sewall* had declined crossing the Atlantick upon that business.

The case has several times happened, that some person makes an ingenious and useful discovery; and some other obtaining it, at *second* or *third* hand, is held up as the original inventor.—To prevent a mistake of this kind, in this business, and to do a small piece of justice to the modest merit of *Major Sewall*, is the intention of writing and transmitting this letter. And you are requested to publish it in your next Magazine that the real truth of the fact may be preserved and perpetuated.

A. B.

Charlestown, Feb. 1790.

The CONTEMPLATIVE PHILOSOPHER.

A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

Lucidum cæli decus—
Siderum regina—HOR.

The Beauty of Heaven, the Glory of the Stars.—The Son of SIRACH.

THERE are certain great and magnificent objects in the creation, the contemplation of which has a tendency to produce a kind of internal elevation and expansion; to raise the mind above its ordinary state; and to excite a degree of wonder and astonishment, which it cannot often express. The emotion is certainly delightful; but it is entirely of the serious kind;

and it is attended, most commonly, by a degree of solemnity and awe, very different from the sprightly sensations inspired by scenes, that glow, as it were, with excessive radiance and overpowering beauty.

The scenes, indeed, which are most calculated to inspire "sublimities of thought," are not so much the smiling landscape, the variegated fields, and

and dazzling skies, as the venerable woods, the high impending cliff, or the head long torrent. Hence too, nocturnal views are commonly the most sublime. The firmament filled with stars, that are scattered through infinite space, with such magnificent profusion, impresses the imagination with ideas far more grand and awful, than when we view it enlightened by all the splendour of the sun. Of this sentiment is our favourite poet of the night :

And see, day's amiable sister sends
Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre ; courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant brother's
blaze.

Night grants thee the full freedom of the
skies,

Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye—
Night opens the noblest scenes, and sheds
an awe,

Which gives those venerable scenes full
weight,

And deep reception in th' intender'd heart.

The objects, moreover, which the eye contemplates by day, do not affect the pensive mind with a pleasure so serene, if I may so express myself, as the milder glories of a moonlight evening. We then behold a new picture of things, which is more delicately shaded, and disposed into softer lights, than that which the radiant ruler of the day had before displayed. Each tumultuous care and important agitation has vanished with "the garish eye of day." The discordant passions are soothed into serenity and peace, by the stillness of all around. In this happy moment, we imbibe, as it were, the universal repose of nature ; for there is not an object but seems to be at rest ; and the musing wanderer can scarce forbear to exclaim with Lorenzo,

How sweet the moonlight *steps* upon this
bank !*

The greatest poets in every age have vied with each other in the description of a moonlight evening. But, among all the treasures of ancient and modern poetry, I know not one superiour, for pleasing imagery, and variety of numbers, to that of Milton :

Now came still evening on, and Twilight

^{gray}
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their
nests,

Were sunk, all but the wakeful nightin-
gale ;

She all night long her amorous descant
sung ;

Silence was pleas'd ; now glow'd the fir-
mament

With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the
moon,

Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent Queen, unveil'd her peerless
light

And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

I can recollect only one description that is worthy to be mentioned after this. It is of a fine moonshiny night, by way of simile, in the eighth book of the Iliad. It is esteemed, indeed, a master piece of nocturnal painting. But Milton's description, it must be observed, leaves off where that of Homer begins :

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of
night,

O'er heav'n's clear azure sheds her sacred
light,

When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole ;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head ;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect
rise,

A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful
light. POPE.

Nor have the sacred writers been unobservant of this bright "Sovereign of the Shades."† The patriarch Job observes, that he could behold "the moon walking in brightness," without being seduced to the adoration of aught but the great Creator of the Universe. And the Royal Psalmist, from a view of the nocturnal heavens, expresses himself in the most reverential language of astonishment and humility : "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers ; the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained ; what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him ?"

* Merchant of Venice, Act V, Scene I.

† Memorumque potius Diana.—HOR.

him." Nor must we omit to mention again the wise son of Sirach, although his writings are not admitted into the sacred canon: "The Lord," says this admirable author, "made the moon also to serve in her season, for a declaration of times, and a sign of the world. From the moon is the sign of feasts, a light that decreaseth in her perfection. The month is called after her name, increasing wonderfully in her changing, being an instrument of the armies above, shining in the firmament of heaven; *the beauty of heaven, the glory of the stars*, an ornament giving light to the highest places of the Lord. At the command of the Holy One they will stand in their order, and never faint in their watches."—This is paraphrased with great elegance and spirit by Mr. Broome, the honoured and not unequal coadjutor of Pope, in his poetical version of the *Odyssey*:

By thy command the moon, as day light
fades;
Lifts her broad circle in the deep'ning
shades;
Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
She breaks the solemn terrors of the
night;
Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
She changes still, another yet the same!
Now in decrease, by slow degrees she
shrouds
Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds;
Now of increase, her gathering beams dis-
play
A blaze of light, and give a paler day;
Ten thousand stars adorn her glittering
train,
Fall when she falls, and rise with her
again;
And o'er the deserts of the sky unfold
Their burning spangles of sidereal gold:
Through the wide heavens she moves se-
renely bright,
Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,
And with a bright disorder paints the
skies.

But this noble subject is not monopolized by the poets: It affords ample room for enquiry to the contemplative philosopher. Of all the celestial orbs, the moon, next to the sun, has the most beneficial influence upon our globe. And if her beautiful appearance in the skies, with such regular and constant variations, were insufficient to attract our attention, she would at least inspire us with the warmest

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sentiments of gratitude and adoration toward that beneficent Being, who has formed and stationed her in such a manner, as to be productive of the most signal advantages to the earth.

By the naked eye we can discover many of the most remarkable phenomena that distinguish the moon from the innumerable orbs around her. We find her to be only a secondary planet, or attendant upon the earth, revolving round it, from change to change, in twenty nine days, twelve hours, and forty four minutes, and accompanying its circuit round the sun in the space of our year. Her diameter is 2180 miles, and her distance from the centre of the earth 240,000. She goes round her orbit in twenty seven days, seven hours, and forty three minutes, moving at the rate of 2290 miles every hour; and she turns round her axis exactly in the same time that she revolves round the earth, which is the reason of her keeping always the same side towards us, and that her day and night, taken together, is as long as our lunar month.

The moon, like the earth, is an orbicular and opaque body, which shines only by reflecting the sun's light. While that half of her, therefore, which is toward the sun, is illuminated, the other half is dark and invisible. Hence, she disappears when she comes between the earth and the sun; because her dark side is then towards us. When she is gone somewhat forward, we see a little of her enlightened side; which still encreases to our view, as she advances forward, until she comes to be opposite the sun, when her entire enlightened side is toward the earth, and she appears with a full illuminated orb, which we call the Full Moon; her dark side being then turned away from the earth. From the full she decreases gradually as she proceeds through the other half of her course; shewing us less and less of her bright side every day, till her next change or conjunction with the sun, and then she disappears as before. These different appearances having been observed by Endymion, an ancient Grecian, who watched her motions, it gave rise to the fable of Diana falling in love with him.

These

The different appearances of the moon, which we call her Phases, are sufficient to demonstrate, that she shines not by any light of her own ; for otherwise, as her form is spherical, we should always behold her, like the sun, with a full orb.

Philosophers, moreover, have observed, that one half of the moon has no darkness at all ; the earth constantly affording it a strong light, in the absence of the sun ; while the other half has alternately a fortnight's darkness and a fortnight's light. Our earth serves as a moon to the moon, waxing and waning regularly, but appearing thirteen times as large, and affording her thirteen times as much light as she does to us. When she changes to us, the earth appears full to her ; when she is in her first quarter to us, the earth is in its third quarter to her ; and *vice versa*.

The moon has no visible atmosphere, of any density, surrounding her, as we have ; for if she had, we could never see her edge so well defined as it appears ; but there would be a sort of mist or haziness about her, which would make the stars look fainter when they are seen through it. But it has been proved by observation, that the stars, which disappear behind the moon, retain their full lustre, until they seem to touch her very edge, when they vanish in an instant. Nor can there be any seas in the moon ; for if there were, she could have no clouds, nor rains, nor storms, as we have ; because she has no such atmosphere to support the vapours which occasion them. And it is apparent to all, that when the moon is above our horizon in the night time, she is visible, unless the clouds of our atmosphere hide her from our view ; and every part of her appears constantly with the same serene and unclouded aspect. Those dark parts of the moon, which were formerly thought to be seas, are now found to be only vast and deep cavities, and places which reflect not the light of the sun so strongly as others. For by observations through the telescope, the moon has been found to be full of high mountains and deep vallies ; and some of these mountains, by comparing their height with the diameter of

the moon, are found to be three times higher than the highest hills upon our earth.

Such are the principal phenomena that distinguish this beautiful luminary. And if we advert to the signal benefits of which it is productive to our globe, we can never be sufficiently grateful to the Omnipotent Creator, who in this, as well as in all his works, has displayed infinite wisdom and inexhaustible goodness. How cheerless and uncomfortable would be our nights but for the constant returns of light, which this our sister orb, our faithful and inseparable companion, dispenses in such agreeable vicissitude ! How highly useful are even her eclipses, in our astronomical, geographical, and chronological calculations ! How salutary too is her attractive influence, which sways the ocean, and actuates the world of waters ; which swells the tides, and perpetuates the regular returns of ebb and flow ; and which thus not only preserves the liquid element itself from putrefaction, but the surrounding continents, in course, from infection and disease.

I will not here urge those sentiments of devotion, those grand and august conceptions, which this subject has a tendency to inspire. This would lead us beyond the limits of this paper into a contemplation of the whole starry heavens ; of the planets, which by the same laws of impulsion and attraction, have their stated periods of revolving round the sun ; of the comets, which in such eccentric ellipses, rush through immense tracts of space, many millions of miles from the sun ; and of the fixed stars, which are so many other suns, informing other planetary systems invisible to us. These may be the subject of some future discussion. Yet not wholly to conclude this paper without a moral, I will just intimate to my fair readers, that Mr. Pope, from the mild and serene appearance of the moon, contrasted to the dazzling brightness of the sun, exhibits a beautiful comparison, and a portrait, not less beautiful, of an estimable woman. This I am persuaded, will inculcate a lesson, which, if properly attended to by the fair, cannot fail to heighten and perpetuate every charm, and to render

der their empire over us still more extensive and irresistible.

Ah ! friend, to dazzle let the vain design ;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart,
be thine !
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues
the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded
thing :
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the
fight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light ;
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,

And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.
Oh ! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today ;
She, who can love a sister's charms, or bear
Sighs for a daughter, with unwounded ear,
She, who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or if she rules him, never shews the rules :
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;
Let fops of fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille ;
Spleen, vapours, or small pox, above them
all,
And mistress of herself, though China fall.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FIDELITY.

EDWIN, King of Northumberland, was one of the greatest Princes of the Saxon Heptarchy, and distinguished himself, not only by his influence over the other kingdoms, but by the strict execution of justice in his own dominions. He reclaimed his subjects from the licentious life to which they had been accustomed ; and it is a common saying, that during his reign a woman or child might openly carry every where a purse of gold, without any danger of violence or robbery.—There is a remarkable instance transmitted to us of the affection borne him by his servants. Cuichelme, King of Wessex, was his enemy ; but finding himself unable to maintain open war

against so gallant and powerful a Prince, he determined to use treachery against him, and employed one Eumer for that guilty purpose. The assassin having obtained admittance, by pretending to deliver a message from Cuichelme, drew his dagger, and rushed upon the King. Lilla, an officer of the army, seeing his Sovereign's danger, and having no means of defence, interposed with his own body between the King and Eumer's dagger, which was pushed with such violence, that, after piercing Lilla, it even wounded Edwin. But before the assassin could renew his blow, he was dispatched by the King's attendants.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

L O U I S A.—A NOVEL.

[Concluded from page 82.]

LET us now return to Louisa ; she was left with the pirates in a swoon ; as soon as she recovered, and saw the full extent of her misfortunes, she fell on her knees, and besought the Captain to return her to the shore : she offered him all she possessed ; she intreated, she prayed, but it was vain. Hally, for that was his name, was wedded to interest, and determined to pursue the path that led to it. How strange it is that any heart should be so calloused to distressed virtue ; he absolutely refused her. The first days of her captivity were almost a state of distraction ; but it was silent ; she was neither loud nor fretful in complaints. The Captain and the

crew treated her with civility and respect ; neither insult nor impropriety were offered to her, and every convenience that the vessel could afford, she was indulged with. She had now time to indulge the disagreeable feelings of her heart ; and when she reflected that Providence ordered every thing ; that it was wrong to repine, she endeavoured to resign herself to her fate, and to do nothing contrary to her conscience or honor, and leave the event to Heaven. Her bitterest moments were on account of Elvira ; for her she shed many tears, and many to the memory of Pallador, who was always in her mind. By degrees she became calm ; the Cap-
tain

tain appeared to be a man of some capacity, and Louisa conversed with him upon a variety of subjects, and endeavoured to sooth her inquietude by informing herself of the customs and manners of the nations he had been among. The vessel's crew at first treated Louisa with respect, because that Hally commanded it; but a wish to render Louisa less unhappy arose in every breast, before she had been on board a week; they laid aside the natural ferocity of Turks, and became complaisant and obliging; so great is the influence of a virtuous and well educated female. They were four and twenty days performing their voyage, and at the end of that time arrived at Algiers. Hally immediately informed Osmen that he had brought an ornament to his Haram; and gave such a description of Louisa as raised his curiosity to see her; before her arrival, he was sunk in a state of tasteless apathy; every thing was unpleasing, or indifferent to him; he demanded Hally's price for his captive, and paid without reluctance. Louisa now became the slave of Osmen, and in that state we must now behold her; but her mind was neither depressed nor daunted; she rose above captivity, and triumphed over misfortunes; she absolutely refused to adorn herself in the magnificent apparel that was brought her; but put on a light mourning robe; in this dress she was conveyed to the Haram of Osmen, who waited with impatience to see her. A certain dignified grief sat upon her countenance; a calmness was diffused over her features, which were softened by misfortunes; she paid that respect to Osmen that she thought his due, as a person to whom heaven had given the power of directing her life. At present, Osmen, far from assuming the haughty master, thought he could not please his fair slave more, than to appear the gallant admirer, and immediately professed himself her lover, expecting compliance to every wish. But instead of this, he was astonished at the mortifying refusal that he received—at the fire and virtuous indignation that sparkled from her eyes; he retired, chagrined and affronted.

But the next morning he renewed his visit, and renewed the proposal that had so offended her the evening before. "I am your slave, (said Louisa), but my mind is free; I will never be a slave to vice; guilt shall never stain my cheek with crimson, nor remorse torture my conscience. Command me to the most menial employment, or the most laborious toil, and you shall see me fulfil my duty by my obedience. But my honor I will preserve; for know, Osmen, that I will not outlive it, and I trust the God I worship will not forsake it." Osmen saw she was fixed; he was surprised at the steady purpose of her soul, and admired her reliance on Providence; and a sentiment more respectful than love took possession of his soul; he began to revere her as a superiour being, and promised solemnly to give her delicacy no further pain from his passion. From this time Louisa was calm, and waited in firm reliance, that the Being she served would one day deliver her from her captivity, and restore her to her daughter, for whom she felt every pang of maternal affection.

The happiness of a state of felicity receives an increase by the participation of friendship; and the same divine flame is capable of lessening the severest troubles. Louisa found a solace for her afflictions in the company of Fatima; of all the ladies in the Haram, she alone possessed those virtues that are requisite to constitute a sincere and lasting friendship; the rest were light, vain, trifling and frivolous, incapable of thought or reflection; they sang, danced, laughed, and partook of every amusement that a state of confinement could afford. Fatima and Louisa mingled sorrows, and by a reciprocal confidence softened the afflictions of each other's hearts. Louisa strengthened Fatima's principles, and inspired her with a fortitude that she wanted; while Fatima's hapless love was a beautiful lesson to Louisa, and taught her that there was a possibility of her being more wretched than she was; she had not a fatal passion to combat with, and the evils of captivity were not embittered by any emotions that were inconsistent with

with reason or virtue. Not a day passed, in which Osmen did not visit the Haram, not from the motives that formerly drew him there, but to refine his understanding, and improve his mind with Louisa's conversation. Fatima was always of the party, and by degrees she gained courage to say some things that shewed Osmen her mind was as amiable as her person was lovely. One day as they were seated in a terrace that overlooked a vast extent of country, Osmen gave his fair hearers an account of the laws and customs of his nation; and Louisa in return informed him of the manners of the British. One subject brought on another, and at length the revolution and independence of America became the theme. I am no politician said Louisa; it is I think quite out of the female line to be of any party; I revere virtue wherever I see it, and love the good and the noble soul as well in the uncultivated African, as in the polished European. I know little of the revolution; but I love, revere, and esteem their illustrious chief. He is, continued she, brave, gentle and generous; he is prudent, valiant, and discreet; he is a faithful friend, the best of husbands, and the parent of all around him; he unites the polite courtier with the learned politician, and the famous warrior with the gentle characteristics of peace. While she made this eulogium on a character so revered, Osmen listened with attention; reflected, and he admired what he wished to imitate. I am brave, said he—my country acknowledge it; I am kind to my servants; but does it become a man to keep his fellow creatures in bondage? I endeavour to make their bondage easy; but still it is slavery; the godlike man, Louisa has mentioned, has, it is said, been fighting for liberty, while I detain as captives, hundreds that have as good a right to liberty as I; he is a tender husband, and experiences every pleasure that the caresses of an amiable woman who loves him from principle and inclination can give. But I can never know such soft endearments; can the caresses of captives give pleasure to a soul? can the false blandishments of women who are con-

fined, and who perhaps would prefer the meanest of my slaves to me, give any satisfaction to the mind? In these and other reflections he passed the night; and in the morning, renewed his visit to the Haram. As he entered the apartment, the ladies were seated together opposite the door; he thought he never saw them look so lovely; the conversation turned upon the tender passion! and Louisa gave so sweet a description of the happiness of a married life, when two tender hearts are inspired by the same flame, that Osmen was touched to the soul; and Fatima bursting into tears, hid her blushing face in Louisa's bosom. There is something in beauty in distress, that affects the most obdurate heart; and while Fatima discovered new beauties by her sensibility, he expressed his sorrow for her troubles, and begged in the strongest terms to be made acquainted with her griefs, that he might endeavour to remove them. A consciousness of her affection put it out of her power to speak—and to hide her sentiments she left the room. As soon as she was gone, Louisa availed herself of Osmen's present sentiments, and informed him of Fatima's many struggles, and tenderness towards him. Pleased and astonished to find himself an object of real love, he left Louisa—but not till she had discovered his sentiments were favourable to her friend. He left Louisa to advise with the noble spirited Alphonso, who was a slave, though he felt not bondage. Osmen was his generous master, and all he required of him was to be his friend. Alphonso was an Englishman, with an accomplished person, an affluent fortune, and a thousand virtues. He felt a load of affliction without repining, he had lost an amiable wife and an infant daughter, about a year before the period of which I am speaking. Grief for their death rendered every place irksome—and a hope to dissipate his melancholy, suggested the idea of travelling. After visiting France, he embarked for Spain, and in going from thence to Leghorn in an American vessel, he was taken prisoner, and carried to Algiers. Generous hearts, and noble souls, are congenial, and claim acquaintance at first meeting,

meeting, though the most different corners of the globe, had given them birth. Osman became the purchaser of Alphonso, and found no price too great to purchase such a friend, and it was to him he repaired; told all that had passed between Louisa, Fatima and himself; and mentioned every doubt that arose in his mind. It is easy to imagine what advice Alphonso gave him; fired with a curiosity to see his amiable countrywoman, and behold the female whose virtues had wrought such a change in Osman's bosom, Alphonso requested leave to converse with Louisa; this was granted the next day, and Osman introduced him to the Haram. In that visit Alphonso was pleased with Louisa, and felt the melancholy of his heart dissipate in her presence. But how great was the surprise of Louisa, or the joy of Fatima, when Osman told them, that it was his intention to alter his manner of living, and emancipate his slaves; to such as chose to stay in Algiers, he would give sufficient to support them, with liberty to marry the ladies of his Haram, if it was pleasing to them; to those that wished to visit their native land, he would give sufficient to carry them home, and would provide them a safe passage. "But," said he, "will not Fatima set the example? shall Osman alone be wretched? or will she give him her hand, and in the sight of heaven, become his wife?" It is not easy to express Fatima's feelings. It is sufficient to say, that every thing was executed as had been planned. The ladies of the Haram were delighted with the thoughts of freedom; the men who had been unhappy in bondage, were rejoiced at liberty; many of these had connections at home; to these, Osman provided the means of a quick return, with something to carry with them; those who had no families, preferred a connection with the smiling beauties of the east, were settled in some of Osman's country seats, with every convenience of life. In a few weeks, the generous Osman gave his hand to Fatima. This unexpected happiness had dissipated her melancholy, smiles of satisfaction were displayed upon her countenance, the roses of health revisited her cheek;

she conversed with sprightliness, and Osman was charmed with her good sense and affability. Alphonso and Louisa were present at the ceremony; at a recollection of former happiness, they shed tears, and were equally surprised at each others emotions. In a walk in one of Osman's delightful gardens, Alphonso told Louisa the sorrows of his heart, and learnt the labyrinth through which she had passed with emotions of surprise and admiration; he was charmed with her virtues, with her unaffected goodness; and resolved to devote the remainder of his life to her. He informed Osman of this resolution, who highly applauded it, and notwithstanding his reluctance to part with his European friends, he prepared them a passage to the Havannah, and sent two caskets of valuable jewels on board the ship; and with many tears, took leave of them, promising to visit them in England, with his Fatima, in the course of a year. After an agreeable passage, Alphonso and Louisa arrived at Barcelona, and finding a ship ready to sail for Portsmouth, in England, went directly on board, and soon got safe to the place. That very day they arrived, Alphonso procured a post chaise, and set out for the place of Louisa's residence; it was several hundred miles, and they were six days performing the journey. In the course of that time, and the preceding voyage, they became fully acquainted with each other; familiar merit produced the strongest friendship, and ripened into the tenderest affection. Louisa promised if her daughter was still alive, to connect herself with Alphonso. She had been absent a year; and the last day's journey was filled with anxiety as well as hope; they stopped at the worthy parson's, who was astonished to see her, having been fully convinced that Louisa was drowned, and carried off by the tide, the night she was missing. Elvira had been with this worthy couple ever since, and had enjoyed uninterrupted health; she instantly knew her mamma. It is unnecessary to add more, except that Alphonso and Louisa were married, after Alphonso had settled a handsome fortune on Elvira, to whose education he pays

pays every attention. He likewise settled a handsome annuity upon Ewender; and after rendering every neighbour around them happy, they

set out for Alphonso's seat, where they still live patterns of virtue and fidelity; and blessings to all around them.

S A B I N A.

A CURIOUS ACCOUNT of DRESS, in ENGLAND, in the Fourteenth Century.

[From Dr. HENRY's History of Great Britain.]

WHAT would exhibit a more fantastical appearance than an English beau of the fourteenth century? He wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains; hose of one colour on one leg, and of another colour on the other; short breeches which did not reach to the middle of his thighs, and disclosed the shape of all the parts included in them; a coat one half white, and the other half black or blue; a long beard; a silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, &c. and sometimes ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones. This dress was the very top of the mode in the reign of Edward the Third.

The dress of the gay and fashionable ladies, who frequented the public diversions of these times, was not more decent and becoming. It is thus described by Knyghton, A. D. 1348. These tournaments are attended by many ladies of the first rank and greatest beauty, but not always of the most untainted reputation. These

ladies are dressed in party coloured tunicks, one half being of one colour, and the other half of another. Their lirrripes or tippets are very short; their caps remarkably little, and wrapt about their heads with cords; their girdles and pouches are ornamented with gold and silver, and they wear short swords, called daggers, before them, a little below their navels; they are mounted on the finest horses, with the richest furniture. Thus equipped, they ride from place to place, in quest of tournaments, by which they dissipate their fortunes, and ruin their reputation. The head dresses of the ladies underwent many changes in the course of this period. They were sometimes enormously high, rising almost three feet above the head, in the shape of sugar loaves, with streamers of fine silk, flowing from the top of them to the ground. Upon the whole, I am fully persuaded, that we have no good reason to pay any compliments to our ancestors of this period, at the expense of our contemporaries, either for the frugality, elegance, or decency of their dress.

An ACCOUNT of a VISIT to the ALPS.

By M. DE SAUSSURE.

PHILOSOPHERS and Naturalists who purpose visiting the summit of a high mountain, generally take their measures so as to arrive at it about the middle of the day; they then make their observations in haste, that they may quit it before the approach of night. Hence, all the observations that have been made on places of considerable height, have been made nearly about the same time of the day, and have been confined to a very short space of time; consequently we have none from which we can form a just idea of the state of the

air during the other parts of the day, or during the night.

It appeared to me of no small moment to fill this gap in our knowledge of meteorology, by remaining on the summit of some lofty mountain long enough to ascertain the daily variations of the different instruments appropriated to that science; for instance, the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, electrometer, &c. and to watch opportunities of observing the origin of different meteors, as rain, winds and storms.

Various experiments which I had resolved

resolved to make on *Mount Blanc*, from the execution of which I was prevented by the shortness of my stay, and the uneasiness produced by the rarity of the air, heightened my desire of undertaking this task. The difficulty was, to find a convenient situation. An open place, where the winds and other meteors might meet with no impediment, of about eighteen hundred toises elevation, was what I wished. It would have been easy enough to have found such an one covered with snow; but it could not be expected to answer the purpose, from the cold and humidity of such a situation, or from the instability of the instruments fixed on it. Now to find in our Alps an accessible rock, at such a height, uncovered with snow, sufficiently spacious to fix our habitation on, was a matter of no small difficulty.

I was informed by Mr. Exchaguet, to whom I communicated my scheme, that on the newly discovered road from *Chamouni* to *Courmayeur*, passing by *Tacul*, I should find such rocks as I wished. Relying on this information, I began last spring to make preparations for this expedition; and in the beginning of June I repaired to *Chamouni*, with my son, to wait for the fine weather's setting in, and seize the first favourable opportunity.

I took with me two small canvas tents; but I wished also to construct a hut of stone. It was necessary that I should have several separate habitations or sheds, not only for ourselves and our guides, but also because the magnetometer and variation compass should be separate, that they might not reciprocally influence the variations of each other. I sent some people before me, therefore, to construct a kind of hut.

When this was finished, and the weather appeared settled, we left *Chamouni*. The first day, July the second, we slept under our tents at *Tacul*, a green plain, on the borders of a small lake, bounded by the extremity of the *Glacier des Bois* and a rock called *Mount Tacul*. The next morning, at half after five, we set off, and in seven hours arrived at our cabin. This place I have named the Giant's

neck, (*Col du Géant*) because it is the beginning of that denile which leads to *Courmayeur*; and the most remarkable mountain in the neighbourhood, which rises above it, is the *Giant*, a high steep mountain, easily noticed from the borders of our lake. The name of *Tacul*, which is six or seven hours journey from these rocks, is certainly not so applicable.

On our route from *Tacul* to the Giant's neck we could not pass by the *Glacier of Trélaporte*, which our guides had traversed the year before; the crevices of that glacier being open and not covered with snow, so that it was absolutely inaccessible: We were forced therefore to go by the foot of a high mountain called the *Noire*, following the course of steep ridges of snow, bordered by deep gaps. Our guides assured us, that this route was much more dangerous than the one they had taken the preceding year: But I do not much rely on these assertions, as danger present always seems greater than the past, and they imagine they please the traveller by exaggerating the perils from which he has escaped. It is true, however, that this road is really dangerous; and as it froze in the night, had not our guides gone the day before to mark out the track, whilst the snow was softened by the heat of the sun, to have passed it would have been impracticable.

We were still exposed to another danger, that of crevices, hidden under thin shells of snow, as at *Mount Blanc*. Towards the summit of the mountain, these crevices became less frequent, and of less extent, and we flattered ourselves we had nearly escaped them, when suddenly we heard a cry of *ropes! ropes!* Alexis Balmar, one of those who carried our baggage, which was about a hundred yards before us, suddenly disappeared from the midst of his companions, having fallen into a crevice sixty feet deep. Fortunately he was stopped about half way by a mass of snow stuck in the cleft: On this he fell with no other injury than a few scratches in the face. His particular friend, P. J. Fairet, immediately caused himself to be fastened to a cord and lowered down: His

had was first drawn up, then the two men, one after the other. Balmar was a little pale, but seemed not at all discomposed. He took his load again upon his shoulders and resumed his journey with the utmost tranquillity.

The moment of our arrival at the end of our journey was not, as is usual, a moment of satisfaction. Comparing the situation of our cabin with other heights with which I was acquainted, I saw at once, and with no small vexation, that it was not of eighteen hundred toises, as I had been led to hope. I next found our cabin extremely small; it was but six feet square, so low we could not stand upright in it, and the stones so ill fitted that the snow had half filled it. The edge of the rocks on which our tents were to be pitched, and at the extremity of which our cabin was erected, was confined between two extremely narrow and irregular glaciers, bordered with declivities of snow and rocks, so steep that they might almost be termed precipices. This situation did not appear very pleasing for an abode of several days; but as a *Belvedere* it was truly magnificent. On the side of Italy, we had an horizon of immense extent, formed of chains of mountains rising over each other,

partly covered with snow, and interspersed here and there with forests and fertile vallies. Towards Savoy, Mount Blanc, the Giant, and the intermediate mountains, presented a most grand, variegated, and interesting picture.

The men who brought our baggage and instruments, set off immediately for Chamouni; but I kept, besides my own servant, four of the best guides, to assist us in our work and go alternately to Courmayeur for coals and provisions.

When they had rested themselves, and taken some refreshment, I desired them to begin the necessary arrangements; but the little fatigue they had undergone, and the prospect of the inconvenience to which they would be exposed in this situation, enfeebled and dismayed them. When, however, they begun to feel the coolness of the evening air, they considered that they must prepare to shelter for the night. They now began to put a little in order the large masses of granite which covered the place, and to patch our tents, in which we were to pass the night; for the cabin was not habitable, till a bed of ice, which we found beneath the snow, was broken to pieces and removed.

[To be concluded next month.]

The SHRUBBERY. A TALE.

YOUNG Melmoth went down in the summer to his father's seat in Westmoreland, where, being of an active disposition, and having no companions but a German flute, and the works of a few favourite authors, he frequently amused himself with the sports of the field. He was one day so warmly engaged in pursuit of the wild fowl, which abound in the lakes of that romantick country, till he had gained the banks of Winandermere; the solemn colouring of this magnificent scene, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore, all this concurring with the reflections of his being at such a distance

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from home, filled him with sensations that he had never before felt. As he looked round, amidst his terror and uncertainty, he espied a small farm house peeping forth from a grove of old trees; after a short deliberation, he resolved to follow a path that seemed to lead thither, and passing through several lonely dells, shaded with beeches, and overrun with wild flowers, he arrived at a wicket that opened into a shrubbery; the opposite plants intermingling their branches, cast a gloom very pleasing to the imagination, and a rivulet which ran murmuring over pebbles, or broke into cascades, now glittered through the leaves at a distance, and now meandered close by the walk. Melmoth had not advanced far in this retreat, when the shrubs, suddenly

suddenly opening on one side, discovered a little stream dashing down a rough green bank in an irregular winding manner, and finely diversified by the clods of turf and stems of brush wood that resisted its current. A seat on the opposite side of the walk seemed to invite him to set down and contemplate the beauties of the scene; so he accepted its offer, and resting the butt end of his gun on the ground, and raising his hand to his muzzle, he leaned forward to examine the waterfall. He had not continued long in this posture, when he heard a sound of a harpsichord, accompanied by a female voice. The air was simple and pathetic in the highest degree, and though he could not distinguish the words, the melancholy cadence with which they were uttered, concurring with the beauty of the scene, had a strange effect upon him; for his constitution was naturally warm, and his feelings were always awake to music. The sound presently ceasing, broke the chain of romantick ideas which they had inspired. He laid down his gun, and taking out his flute, an instrument on which he excelled, he raised it to his mouth; but the idea of alarming the stranger checked his hand, and he returned it into his pocket. He immediately rose up, and stealing along the walk, presently entered on a circular grass plot, planted round with evergreens, in the centre of which stood a small stone temple. A myrtle had spread its branches over the front of the building, and a jessamine, which had been taught to wind up the fluted columns of the portico, hung down in festoons on each side. On the frieze was the inscription: "Dedicated to Sensibility." As this seemed to be the place from whence the sounds, which still vibrated in his ear, had proceeded, Melmoth hesitated whether he should not return, but concluding from the silence, that the person to whom he was indebted for them, had retired, with a trembling hand he opened the door. The walls on the inside were stuccoed, and in a niche was placed a marble urn, in which grew a sensitive plant, a beautiful emblem of the divinity of the place, contracting its leaves at the slightest

touch, and shrinking from the softest breath of air. On the urn were these words, from Sterne: "Eternal Foundation of our feelings! 'tis here I trace thee!" A harpsichord stood open on one side, and a book lay upon it. Melmoth took it up. It was the third volume of *Emma Corbett*, and open at that part in which the dying Emma, on her return from America, where she had left the remains of a husband and a brother she adored, meets her aged father at his door, supported by his servants, and going to attend the funeral of her brother's widow, who had died distracted. The passage affected Melmoth, and it seemed to have affected somebody else, for he thought he saw a tear upon the page; and he concluded that the reader had thrown down her book in a fit of enthusiasm, and struck off the beautiful combination of sounds he had just heard. He had scarcely replaced the book, when a young lady passed by the window with a basket of fruit in her hand. She was dressed in a plain white muslin night gown, with a bonnet of the same, and there was an elegance in her form which struck him. She presently came back, and stooping down to bind the broken stalk of a carnation that grew in a border before the window, gave him an opportunity of examining her. Her face was beautiful, but rather formed to please than to dazzle; her features had such a softness and such a delicacy in them, that they were lost at a distance; and there was a sweetness mingled with melancholy in her look that moved him exceedingly. Her complexion was not striking, but a pleasing expression is superiour to the finest in the world. Melmoth had never known what it was to be in love, nor did he even know then, but he thought he saw something in her countenance which made him wish to be acquainted with her.

The God of Love is a gentle deity: his chains are so light that the victim is a captive when it least suspects it; and his arrows are so finely pointed, that the wound is deepest when it is felt the least. As soon as she was out of sight, he left the apartment, and turning down a dark walk on the other side, soon came to a little rocky cavity,

cavity, overshadowed by the brown foliage of an oak, which grew at its entrance. A seat had been hewn out of the rock on either side, and a spring, which gushed from a corner of the roof at the further end, trickled down with a soft lulling sound, and running directly across the floor, entered the rock on the opposite side. Melmoth sat down to indulge his reflections, when a robin, which had been drawn thither by the sound of his feet, hopped confidently in, but when it saw him, he flew immediately out again. "And will you fly from me, gentle bird?" says he, bending down and stretching out his hand, "Though I am not the fair being you took me for, I would not hurt you, indeed I would not, I would cherish you for her sake." As he said these words, he rose up, and continued his ramble until he arrived at an opening in the wood, that presented him with a distant view of the lake and its islands, the colours of which were melted into each other by the soft light of evening. He had hardly fixed his eyes on the prospect, when his dog, which had been ranging the garden, rushed across the walk in pursuit of some game that it had just started: "Come hither, firrah," said Melmoth angrily, "violate nothing here, on pain of your master's displeasure; these are hallowed grounds." The singularity of the speech, and the warmth with which it was uttered, attracted the notice of an elderly gentleman, who was sitting on a bench at a small distance, and whom a sudden turn in the walk had prevented him from seeing. From his dress he appeared to be a clergyman. He immediately rose up: As Melmoth now saw it was too late to retire, he walked up to him with a respectful air, and acquainted him with his name and the

particulars of his case, assuring him, that nothing but the greatest necessity could have urged him to trespass on his grounds. "You are welcome, Sir," said the stranger, with a smile equally benevolent and polite; "I have always heard your family mentioned with esteem, and I shall consider your company not as an intrusion, but as an honour." Melmoth returned a bow for this compliment, and taking a brace of birds from his net, he begged his acceptance of them as a small mark of his sense of the obligation. The old gentleman would have declined the present, but Melmoth would not submit to a refusal, and they proceeded along the walk. "You have a sweet spot here, Sir," said Melmoth. "Yes Sir," replied the other, "I take great delight in it, but it has received no ornaments from my taste, it owes all its beauties to my daughter, who, poor girl, since her mother's death, has been my only companion in this solitude." The walk now brought them to a small meadow, planted with fruit trees, and divided by the rivulet which Melmoth had seen before. The steeple of the village church rose on one side, and at the upper end stood an old brick house, the front of which was almost vegetable from the overgrowth of the vine which covered it. "This is my dwelling, Sir," said the old gentleman, "it has not much elegance in its appearance, but"—"It has more," interrupted Melmoth, "the venerable air of an old house affects me much more deeply than the elegance of a modern one. It seems to breathe something of that generous spirit of hospitality which characterised our ancestors, at least I have always connected that idea with it."

[To be continued.]

EXTRAORDINARY HISTORY of DON JUAN, a PORTUGUESE GENTLEMAN.

[By Mr. CUMBERLAND, author of the ingenious Essays under the title of *The Observer*, and several Dramatick pieces; who observes, that if he had not had it from good authority in the country where it happened, he should have considered it as the invention of some poet for the table of a Drama.]

A PORTUGUESE gentleman, whom I shall beg leave to describe no otherwise than by the name

of Don Juan, was lately brought to trial for poisoning his half sister by the same father, after she was with child by

by him. This gentleman had for some years before his trial led a very solitary life at his castle in the neighbourhood of Montremos, a town on the road between Lisbon and Badajos, the frontier garrison of Spain: I was shewn his castle, as I passed through that dismal country, about a mile distant from the road, in a bottom surrounded with cork trees, and never saw a more melancholy habitation. The circumstances which made against this gentleman were so strong, and the story was in such general circulation in the neighbourhood where he lived, that although he laid out the greatest part of a considerable income in acts of charity, nobody ever entered his gates to thank him for his bounty, or solicit relief, except one poor father of the Jeronymite convent in Montremos, who was his confessor, and acted as his almoner at discretion.

A charge of so black a nature, involving the crime of incest as well as murder, at length reached the ears of justice, and a commission was sent to Montremos to make inquiry into the case: The supposed criminal made no attempt to escape, but readily attended the summons of the commissioners. Upon the trial, it came out, from the confession of the prisoner, as well as from the deposition of witnesses, that Don Juan had lived from his infancy in the family of a rich merchant at Lisbon, who carried on a considerable trade and correspondence in the Brazils: Don Juan being allowed to take this merchant's name, it was generally supposed that he was his natural son, and a clandestine affair of love having been carried on between him and the merchant's daughter, Josepha, who was an only child, she became pregnant, and a medicine being administered to her by the hands of Don Juan, she died a in few hours after, with all the symptoms of a person who had taken poison. The mother of the young lady survived her death but a few days, and the father threw himself into a convent of Mendicants, making over, by deed of gift, the whole of his property to the supposed murderer.

In this account there seemed a strange obscurity of facts, for some made strongly to the crimination of Don

Juan, and the last mentioned circumstance was of so contradictory a nature, as to throw the whole into perplexity; and therefore to compel the prisoner to a further elucidation of the case, it was thought proper to interrogate him by torture.

Whilst this was preparing, Don Juan, without betraying the least alarm upon what was going forward, told his judges, that it would save them and himself some trouble, if they would receive his confession upon certain points, to which he should truly speak, but beyond which all the tortures in the world could not force one syllable; he said that he was not the son, as it was supposed, of the merchant with whom he lived, nor allied to the deceased Josepha any otherwise than by the tenderest ties of mutual affection, and a promise of marriage, which however he acknowledged had not been solemnized: that he was the son of a gentleman of considerable fortune in the Brazils, who left him an infant to the care of the merchant in question: That the merchant, for reasons, best known to himself, chose to call him by his own name, and this being done in his infancy, he was taught to believe that he was an orphan youth, the son of a distant relation of the person who adopted him: He begged his judges therefore to observe, that he never understood Josepha to be his sister; that as to her being with child by him, he acknowledged it, and prayed God's forgiveness for an offence, which it had been his intention to repair by marrying her: That with respect to the medicine, he certainly did give it to her with his own hands, for that she was sick in consequence of her pregnancy, and, being afraid of creating alarm or suspicion in her parents, had required him to order certain drugs from an apothecary, as if for himself; which he accordingly did, and he verily believed they were faithfully mixed, inasmuch as he stood by the man whilst he prepared the medicine, and saw every ingredient separately put in.

The judges thereupon asked him, if he would take it on his conscience to say, that the lady did not die by poison. Don Juan, bursting into tears
for

for the first time, answered, to his eternal sorrow he knew that she did die by poison. Was that poison contained in the medicine she took? It was. Did he impute the crime of mixing the poison in the medicine to the apothecary, or did he take it on himself? Neither the apothecary, nor himself, was guilty. Did the lady, from a principle of shame, (he was then asked) commit the act of suicide, and infuse the poison without his knowledge? He started into horror at the question, and took God to witness that she was innocent of the deed.

The judges seemed now confounded, and for a time abstained from any further interrogatories, debating the matter amongst themselves by whisperers; when one of them observed to the prisoner, that according to his confession, he had said she did die by poison, and yet, by the answers he had now given, it should seem as if he meant to acquit every person on whom suspicion could possibly rest; there was however one interrogatory left, which, unnatural as it was, he would put to him for form's sake only, before they proceeded to greater extremities, and that question involved the father or mother of the lady. Did he mean to impute the horrid intention of murdering their child to the parents? No, replied the prisoner in a firm tone of voice, I am certain no such intention ever entered the hearts of the unhappy parents, and I should be the worst of sinners if I imputed it to them. The judges upon this declared with one voice that he was trifling with the court, and gave orders for the rack; they would, however, for the last time, demand of him, if he knew who it was that did poison Josepha? To which he answered without hesitation, that he did know, but that no tortures should force him to declare it. As to life, he was weary of it, and they might dispose of it as they saw fit; he could not die in greater tortures than he had lived.

They now took this peremptory recusant, and stripping him of his upper garments, laid him on the rack; a surgeon was called in, who kept his fingers on his pulse; and the execution-

ers were directed to begin their tortures; they had given him one severe stretch by ligatures fixed to his extremities and passed over an axle, which was turned by a windlass; the strain upon his muscles and joints by the action of this infernal engine was dreadful, and nature spoke her sufferings by a horrid crash in every limb; the sweat started in large drops upon his face and bosom, yet the man was firm; amidst the agonies of the machine, not a groan escaped; and the fiend, who was the superintendant of the hellish work, declared they might increase his tortures upon the next tug, for that his pulse had not varied a stroke, nor abated of its strength in the smallest degree.

The tormentors had now begun a second operation with more violence than the former, which their devilish ingenuity had contrived to vary, so as to extort acuter pains from the application of the engine to parts that had not yet had their full share of the first agony; when suddenly a monk rushed into the chamber, and called out to the judges to desist from torturing that innocent man, and take the confession of the murderer from his own lips. Upon a signal from the judges, the executioners let go the engine at once, and the joints snapt audibly into their sockets with the elasticity of a bow. Nature sunk under the revulsion, and Don Juan fainted on the rack. The monk immediately with a loud voice exclaimed, Inhuman wretches, delegates of hell, and agents of the devil, make ready your engine for the guilty, and take off your bloody hands from the innocent, for behold! (and so saying he threw back his cowl) behold the father and the murderer of Josepha!

The whole assembly started with astonishment; the judges stood aghast; and even the demons of torture rolled their eyeballs on the monk with horror and dismay.

If you are willing, says he to the judges, to receive my confession, whilst your tormentors are preparing their rack for the vilest criminal ever stretched upon it, hear me! If not set your engines to work without further inquiry, and glut your appetites with human

human agonies which once in your lives you may now inflict with justice.

Proceed, said the senior Judge.

That guiltless sufferer, who now lies insensible before my eyes, said the monk, is the son of an excellent father, who was once my dearest friend : He was confided to my charge, being then an infant, and my friend followed his fortunes to our settlements in the Brazils : He resided there twenty years without visiting Portugal once in the time ; he remitted to me many sums of money, on his son's account ; at this time a hellish thought arose in my mind, which the distress of my affairs, and a passion for extravagance inspired, of converting the property of my charge to my own account ; I imparted these suggestions to my unhappy wife, who is now at her account : Let me do her the justice, to confess she withstood them firmly for a time. Still fortune frowned upon me, and I was sinking in my credit every hour ; ruin stared me in the face, and nothing stood between me and immediate disgrace, but this infamous expedient.

At last persuasion, menaces, and the impending pressure of necessity, conquered her virtue, and she acceded to the fraud. We agreed to adopt the infant as the orphan son of a distant relation of our own name. I maintained a correspondence with his father by letters, pretending to be written by the son, and I supported my family in a splendid extravagance by the assignments I received from the Brazils. At length the father of Don Juan died, and by will bequeathed his fortune to me in failure of his son and his heirs. I had already advanced so far in guilt, that the temptation of this contingency met with no resistance in my mind, and I determined upon removing this bar to my ambition, and proposed to my wife to secure the prize that fortune had hung within our reach, by the assassination of the heir. She revolved from the idea with horror, and for sometime her thoughts remained in so disturbed a state, that I did not think it prudent to renew the attack. After some time, the agent of the deceased arrived in Lisbon from the Brazils, and as he was privy to

my correspondence, it became necessary for me to discover to Don Juan who he was, and also what fortune he was entitled to. In this crisis, threatened with shame and detection on one hand, and tempted by avarice, pride, and the devil, on the other, I won over my reluctant wife to a participation of my crime ; and we mixed that dose with poison, which we believed was intended for Don Juan, but which in fact was destined for our only child. She took it ; heaven discharged its vengeance on our head, and we saw our daughter expire in agonies before our eyes, with the bitter aggravation of a double murder, for the child was alive within her. Are there words in language to express our lamentations ? Are there tortures in the reach of even your invention to compare with those we felt ? Wonderful were the struggles of nature in the heart of our expiring child ; she bewailed us, she consoled us, nay she even forgave us. To Don Juan we made immediate confession of our guilt, and conjured him to inflict that punishment upon us, which justice demanded, and our crimes deserved. It was in this dreadful moment that our daughter, with her last breath, by the most solemn adjurations, exacted and obtained a promise from Don Juan not to expose her parents to a public execution by disclosing what had passed. Alas ! alas ! we see too plainly how he kept his word ; behold he dies a martyr to honour ! your infernal tortures have destroyed him.

No sooner had the monk pronounced these words in a loud and furious tone, than the wretched Don Juan drew a sigh ; a second would have followed, but heaven no longer could tolerate the agonies of innocence, and stopped his heart forever.

The monk had fixed his eyes upon him, ghastly with terror ; and as he stretched out his mingled limbs at life's last gasp, " Accursed monsters, he exclaimed, may God requite his murder on your souls at the great day of judgment ! His blood be on your heads, ye ministers of darkness ! For me, if heavenly vengeance is not yet appeased by my contrition, in the midst of flames my aggrieved soul will find some

some consolation in the thought that you partake its torments."

Having uttered this in a voice scarce human he plunged a knife to his heart;

and, whilst his blood spouted on the pavement, dropped dead upon the body of Don Juan, and expired without a groan.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The POLITICIAN. No. IX.

AGRICULTURE is the most ancient and important, of all arts. If the earth produced not, where were the materials for manufactory; where were the objects of commerce, where the wealth of nations? In short, it stands at the bottom of all, it supports the whole fabrick of use, convenience and luxury. Of this all are convinced, without any argumentation. He, therefore, who points out to the industrious farmer a method to make two spires of grass, or kernels of grain, grow in the room of one, is doubly a benefactor to his country, if laying a foundation for the increase of her wealth can make him such. And if legislative bodies are the guardians of their country's welfare, agriculture of course merits their most laboured attention. It ought to be regarded as the first object relative to internal police, after securing commutative justice. It ought to be the boast of every patriotick citizen to promote it; especially in a country like ours, calculated, in its different climates, for all the productions of the earth, with advantage to the cultivator, it must be very unwise policy not to make this art the chief object of encouragement. There are few states or kingdoms, who do not confess they have drawn their wealth immediately hence, and none but have ultimately. Notwithstanding this, have we seen the same pains taken to improve this as many other arts? Chartered corporations, exclusive patents, liberal rewards, and large promises, we often hear of, to stimulate the individual in trade, manufactures, and the fine arts. But has not agriculture all this time been too much neglected, to shift for itself, to improve by chance, or its own unassisted strength? There has not been institutions enough for the purpose of

promoting this art; to merit any attention, when set in comparison with what has been done for other purposes. And while America is enthusiastically bent on reviving trade, and increasing manufactures, it is to be feared she will overlook the culture of the earth. The present great object is, the establishment of national credit. For this, an immediate revenue is necessary; and this, the experience of all nations prove, with certainty and expedition, can alone be drawn from commerce, which must of course be first encouraged. But still every dabbler in politicks knows, that the imports must not exceed the exports; for otherwise commerce does but impoverish in the end, tho it may seem to afford present relief. To increase the exports of a country, agriculture must in the first place be improved; and to effect this, are there any other means, than directing commerce into advantageous channels, which shall increase the demand for home productions, enhance their value, and consequently repay the cultivator the expense he is at, in improving the quantity his grounds produce? This is one very good way, perhaps as influential in producing immediate exertions, as any, and seems to have been hitherto almost the only method thought of for this purpose. But exertions produced by this consideration, without skill to exert to advantage, will go but little way towards improving the art, which a minute's reflection will convince us is capable of infinite improvement; depending so much as it does, on an accurate observation of the different climates, soils, seasons, productions, plants and animals. To observe nicely all these particulars, and many more, and be able to draw inferences from them, requires a mind habituated to thought, well

well skilled in experimental philosophy. But where do we find any thing like this among us? The art is truly in its infancy; an unknown field is open before us, to be explored by actual experiment only. The experience of Europe, so far as that has gone, will not be certain of applying in all cases, owing to the difference between the two continents. The American cultivator must go on his own ground entirely, or he goes insecurely. Experiments always involve a risk; most universally actual loss is sustained, if successful to the projector's highest wishes. But few individuals among us, have either capitals or generosity to run that risk; and perhaps we may say, quite too few men of speculation and inquisitiveness, who would deign to make this the subject of their inquiries. Surely it is in the power of national policy, to do something towards supplying this defect, and laying a foundation for gradual improvement, to benefit at least future generations. Patronise the few voluntary societies already formed, for this purpose; create more; unite many interests; concentrate the exertions of many, since the individual is not adequate to the desired effect. And here the *Politician* cannot help contributing his mite of applause to the Hon. Mr. Williamson,

for his admirable hints in a letter on education, lately published in the *Massachusetts Magazine*. Why should the chop logick of schools, the musty volumes of antiquity, and the split hair treatises of modern word weighers, engross all the attention of students? ninety nine in a hundred of whom, have no taste for these things; and had they, their after occupations in life, would render the acquirement of them as useless as eyes to a mole. Is it not too much confining our knowledge to mere ideas, to empty sounds, instead of things? Rather let us follow the honourable gentleman's advice; new range education; let experimental agriculture, together with mechanick arts, form a part of the system. As so large a proportion of the community must necessarily be employed in this business, such a plan must prove of the highest national advantage. To take no steps directly tending to enlighten mankind into the principles, and shew them the most expeditious method of practising that art, in which, from necessity, much the greater share are engaged, is strange oversight, in conducting the affairs of the world. And devoutly is it to be wished, this country may have the wisdom to see this defect, and supply it in time.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

OBSERVATIONS ON Dr. WILLIAMSON'S LETTER.*

IT is natural to the young student, who has but little resolution, to pursue those studies reluctantly, of which he does not immediately see some use or advantage. It is no less common for one who has either omitted a particular branch, or attended to it superficially, to esteem it afterwards of little importance.

Thus gentlemen of education have said, it is never worth your while to study algebra. Life is too short; it will do you no good; I never studied it, and never would study it. Or thus, why do you waste so much time upon metaphysics? I never could bear such authors; they are perfectly unintelligible.

Others have stamped uselessness upon works of criticism, others upon antiquities, others upon poetry, others upon the languages.

Such things I had heard, Doctor, before you favoured us with your newly digested sentiments. Your quotation, that "life is short," is demonstrably true; I remember to have heard the same from my nurse. Your inference from it is not so clear. On the other hand, if it can be made to appear, that a knowledge of the dead languages facilitates our progress in acquiring the arts and sciences, the just inference is against you.

"At twenty one years it is expected," you say, "that we should enter upon

* See Mass. Mag. for Dec. 1789, p. 746.

upon the employments of life." Not always, Doctor. It is expected that we should not be idle; but I could name several employments that no one is fit for at that age; though some are as fit at that age, as it is possible for others to be at forty. But this is nothing to the point; the question is, whether, if a student in the arts and sciences first studies Latin and Greek, he may not be master of more useful knowledge, at the time when he should enter on his "employment for life," than if he neglects them.

—"In learning the names of things in a language we are never to speak." Wonderful! Did the Doctor learn nothing else by them? Some do not learn even that. But what some have learned or not learned is foreign. Let it be proved that no other advantage arises, or can arise, from the study of Latin and Greek, but learning the names of things in those languages, and I vote to renounce them.

To the native of China and Japan, perhaps the study of botany and chymistry, which I allow to be very important, or the study of the scriptures, or such a general attention to politicks as our free government favours, might seem as ridiculous as the study of Latin and Greek.

—"Grievous servitude."—Such language, such bitter complaints, I have heard from some dissolute school boy.

That "the sciences were buried under the ruins of Greece and Rome" is very true. It has been the observation of thousands. Then followed what they call the *dark ages*. Now let me ask, what particular cause has contributed more to dispel that darkness, to restore light, to revive true and useful as well as ornamental knowledge, than a recourse to the books, which were snatched from those ruins, and preserved chiefly at Constantinople through a millennium of barbarity?

—"Memory alone is required; genius and understanding being equally unnecessary to forming a teacher in the languages." Surprising discovery! Probably we shall now have a num-

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ber of geniuses better employed; or, are the teachers and professors of the languages wholly without genius? The Doctor, perhaps, should prove that there is not room for the exercise of some genius and sagacity even in teaching the alphabet; and further, that nothing should be taught, in which genius and understanding are not exercised in the teacher.

Another Asiatick is introduced to judge of an argument about taste and accuracy; probably some eunuch from a seraglio, or some Arab, or perhaps a Kamschatskan. But whoever he is; his question is impertinent. The thing to be decided concerns the expediency of studying Latin and Greek. English is indispensable; French, fashionable, and perhaps useful; but this argues nothing against Latin and Greek.

The query is not, whether "the learned Romans, who generally understood two languages, had more taste than the Greeks, who understood none but their own;" but (if it is any way pertinent) whether the Romans received any benefit from studying the Grecian language in addition to their own. I appeal to any that are versed in the Roman history.

As for the quackery of words in law, physick, &c. it has been abundantly satirized. An intermixture of languages is *generally allowed* to be not only pedantick, but contrary to the rules of perspicuity and simplicity. But because we are not to "pelt audiences" with mathematical problems or processes, shall we therefore announce them unprofitable?

If the time should ever come, "when books shall be wholly written in one language, (if the Doctor means all the books upon earth) I expect it will be in the Jewish. Their claim to preeminence would then seem to be realized.

When the knowledge of Latin and Greek is *proved* to be neither useful nor ornamental, then we may talk of "redeeming the time," &c.

I pass over a number of paragraphs, which are wholly foreign from the subject proposed. I would ask the honourable Doctor, whether, on the second or third perusal of Plato, Aristotle,

totle, Thucydides, Cicero, and many other authors in those languages, which some have been so prejudiced as to call valuable, sublime, and by such like epithets, his understanding and reason were wholly quiescent? Suppose the Doctor should say, they were, so far as respects grammar and language. This would contradict the settled maxim, that no man is a grammarian until he is a philosopher. And further, if they are not exercised, the reason must arise from the nature of grammar and language. It would then operate as much against studying our own language as the Latin and Greek. So that if we can prove that benefit accrues from studying them, it matters not, whether the understanding is exercised or not.

The other argument, which the Doctor has thought weighty enough to be mentioned twice, I shall not try to confute—that his opinions differ from

those commonly received. I would just observe, that he is not entirely singular, so far as concerns the languages. The poorest scholars I ever saw, were of the same sentiment.

Botany and chymistry doubtless claim attention; but the wits of the world have not forgotten to satirize those, who confine all knowledge and all utility to their own art; nor those, who betray their own profession by their style and allusions.

The Doctor has my entire concurrence, that "If any change in the general system of education can be made to advantage, no time should be lost in beginning the work." I do not however, very clearly discover the reason, why this rule should be limited to generals, and may not branch out to particulars; or why it should be confined to education, and may not extend to every thing.

L.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The U N I O N. No. III.

"Few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn."

A CONFIRMATION of this truth may be easily obtained by a moment's reflection on the degeneracy of the age. Though our advancement in virtue, or vice, can be seen but by a comparison of distant periods; yet, so rapid has been the progress of the latter, that a recurrence to a very late period of our life will furnish plenary evidence of the verity of our theme. But if we look back upon the infant state of America, how widely different shall we find their sentiments, manners, and principles, from those which predominate at the present day? When the dawn of empire was first ushered in upon her, religion, fair offspring of Heaven, was universally embraced by this favored land; she was cherished as the desideratum of life, and fondly caressed as the faithful guide to happiness. Her beauteous form, her undissembled purity and innocence, secured her an easy admittance into the hearts of her votaries.

Vice, fell monster, which has since made such inroads into her peaceful kingdom, was then almost without a name.

Pride, avarice, envy, and inordinacy of every kind, was so thoroughly subdued, that the prevailing influence of them was rarely seen. Simplicity of manners, purity of thought, which is the great source of all pleasure, and desire, guided by judgment, were the leading features of their character.

But these halcyon days are viewed by many as the mere preface to our happiness. Those, who make no distinction between being great and good, who blend the ideas of wealth and happiness in one, will undoubtedly prefer the unlicensed pleasures of the present, to the more permanent and untainted happiness of ages past.

The prevalence of vice has kept equal pace with the increase of power. It has gradually crept into favour with mankind, and has well nigh influenced a deluded world to mistake

virtue

virtue for its name. Mild epithets are annexed to iniquitous actions, and easy constructions are put upon the most criminal conduct. What was formerly deemed a dangerous evil is now but a fashionable vice; what was then licentiousness is now but free thinking; and hardened indifference but true catholicism. Could vice be portrayed in its native deformity, and represented in its truly hideous form, it would strike terror and detestation to every beholder. But it is often exhibited in such an alluring garb, and clothed with such syren charms, as to delude us into a fatal opinion of its inoffensive nature.

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
"As to be hated needs but to be seen;
"Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
"We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

We approach it, as does the unconscious moth the flame, and giddily hover over our own destruction. We view it but in profile, and admire its specious appearance, but discern not its likeness to Apelle's portrait, whose dim side was mutilated, haggard and torn. Did we duly weigh in the balance of reason the consequence of virtue and vice, we should find every possible inducement to the pursuit of the former. This would facilitate the acquisition of present happiness, and secure us the possession of future felicity. It would procure us constant, divine, as well as self approbation, the faintest whisper of which, is sweeter to the soul, than the loudest shouts of tumultuary applause.

F I D E L I O.

RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY. A TALE.

By Dr. LANGHORNE.

RELIGIOUS Melancholy was the daughter of Enthusiasm and Superstition; she was nursed by her mother, in the cell of a Dominican convent, and her only food was bread and water. As her parents had no other view for their daughter, than the inheritance of immortality, she was never instructed in human learning; for it was a maxim with them, that ignorance is the mother of devotion, and that enlightened reason serves only to cavil against the impulses of heaven. From her mother, Melancholy inherited gloominess and fear, and from her father, disordered and unequal passions, flights, raptures, and reveries. She spent her days in mortification, and her nights in terror; for she was taught to believe, that her devotion would be acceptable to God, in proportion as it was distressful to herself. From that persuasion, she

passed the greatest part of her life in penal austerities; but, as she was the child of Enthusiasm, she was sometimes visited with a gleam of fantastick joy, which shone through the gloominess of her cell; and during these intervals, she asserted that she was in heaven. Those intervals, however, as they were too powerful for a mortal mind, were very short, and very rare; her exhausted spirits were afterwards reduced to the lowest languor, and she, who the last moment, was exulting in the ecstasies of heaven, was now on the brink of hell.

Such was the life of Religious Melancholy, till the benevolent Father of Nature, pitying her undeserved miseries, and weary of her preposterous devotion, delivered the innocent wretch from the being she had received in vain.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The COLLECTION. No. XV.

CLIV.

REAL taste is a quality with which human nature is very slenderly gifted. It is indeed so very rare, and

so little known, that scarce two authors have agreed in their notions of it; and those who have agreed to explain it to others, seem to have succeeded

ceeded only in shewing us that they knew it not in themselves; perhaps its definition consists in a nice harmony between the imagination and the judgment.

CLV.

THOUGH we have many examples of people existing without thought, it is certainly a state not much to be desired. He that lives in torpid insensibility, wants nothing of a carcase but putrefaction. It is the part of every inhabitant of the earth, to partake in the pains and pleasures of his fellow beings; and as in a road through a country, desert and uniform, the traveller languishes for want of amusement, so the passage of life will be tedious and irksome to him who does not beguile it by diversified ideas.

CLVI.

TRAVELLING hath its advantages; if the passenger visits better countries, he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy it.

CLVII.

HE that would travel for the entertainment of others, should remember, that the great object of remark is *human life*. Every nation has something in its manufactures, its works of genius, its medicines, its agriculture, its customs, and its policy. He only is a useful traveller, who brings home something by which his country may be benefited, who procures some sup-

ply of want, or some mitigation of evil which may enable his readers to compare their condition with that of others; to improve it wherever it is worse, and wherever it is better, to enjoy it.

CLVIII.

TRUTH, like beauty, varies its fashions, and is best recommended by different dresses, to different minds.

CLIX.

THERE is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth; it is apparent, that men can be sociable beings no longer than they can believe each other. When speech is employed only as the vehicle of falsehood, every man must disunite himself from others, inhabit his own care, and seek prey only for himself.

CLX.

IT were doubtless to be wished, that truth and reason were universally prevalent; that every thing were esteemed according to its real value, and that men would secure themselves from being disappointed in their endeavours after happiness, by placing it only in virtue, which is always to be obtained. But if adventitious and foreign pleasure must be pursued, it would be, perhaps, of some benefit, since that pursuit must frequently be fruitless, if it could be taught, that folly might be an antidote to folly, and one fallacy be obviated by another.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
GENTLEMEN,

The grand Political Truth, contained in the subsequent Preliminary of the French Constitution, as proposed by the State Committee, cannot fail of being acceptable to the Friends of Liberty, for every line breathes the Spirit of America.

Yours,

C.

PRELIMINARY of the **CONSTITUTION** of **FRANCE**, as proposed by the Abbé SIEYES, one of the Representatives for the city of Paris, who was nominated by the Committee appointed to prepare a Constitution, to draw up a declaration of Rights. It was published by the desire of the Committee, to facilitate examination.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT and accurate **EXPOSITION** of the
RIGHTS of **MAN** and of the **CITIZEN**.

THE Representatives of the French nation reunited in the National Assembly, recognize that they have by their commissions the special charge

of regenerating the constitution of the state.

In consequence of this authority, they are about to exercise the constituting

tuting power ; but however, as the actual representation does not exactly conform to what is required by such kind of power, they declare that the constitution which they are about to give to the nation, although provisionally obligatory on all, yet will not be definitive till a new constituting authority extraordinarily convoked for this sole object, shall have given it that approbation which the rigour of principles requires.

The Representatives of the French nation, exercising at the present moment the functions of a constituting power, consider that all social union, and consequently all political constitutions, can only have in view to make clear, to extend, and to secure *the rights of man and of the citizen.*

They consider then that they ought to endeavour to discover these rights ; that the accurate exposition of them ought to precede the plan of the constitution, as an indispensable preliminary ; and that it presents to all political constitutions the object or end, which all, without distinction, ought to oblige themselves to attain.

In consequence, the Representatives of the French nation acknowledge, and consecrate by a positive and solemn promulgation, the following declaration of *the rights of man and of the citizen.*

MAN is in his nature subject to wants, but from nature he possesses means of supplying them. He every instant feels the desire of his *well being*, but he has received an intelligence, a will, and a power. Intelligence to distinguish, a will to determine, and power to execute.

Thus well being is the *end* of man ; his moral and physical faculties are his personal *means*. With these he can take to himself or procure all the property and exterior means that he judges necessary.

Placed in the midst of *nature*, man gathers its gifts, selects them, multiplies them, and perfects them by his labour ; at the same time he learns to avoid and to prevent what may hurt him. He protects himself, if the expression may be allowed, against nature, with all the powers he has received from her ; he dares to combat

her ; his industry is always working his own perfection ; and the power of man, indefinite in its progress, is seen to apply to his wants continually more and more the powers of *nature*.

Placed in the midst of his *fellow creatures*, he feels himself pressed by a multitude of new relations ; other beings present themselves necessarily, either as means or as obstacles ; nothing then is more important to him than his relations with his fellow creatures.

If men could only see in each other the reciprocal means of happiness, they would occupy in peace, the earth, their common habitation, and they would go on together with security to their common end.

The scene is different if they regard each other as obstacles to each other ; there is soon no choice left but to fly or to fight without ceasing. The human race only presents in this case a great error in nature.

The relations of men to each other are then of two kinds. Those that arise from a state of war which force alone establishes, and those which arise freely from a reciprocal advantage.

The relations that originate only in force, are bad and unjust. Two men, being equally men, have in an equal degree all the rights which belong to human nature. Thus every man is the proprietor of his person, or no one is ; every man has the right to dispose of his property, or no one has. Individual means are attached by nature to individual wants. He that is charged with the wants, ought then to dispose freely of the means. It is not a right but a duty.

There exists, it is true, great inequality among men. Nature makes weak strong ; she gives an intelligence to some which she refuses to others. It follows that there will be an inequality of labour, of produce, and of consumption or enjoyment ; but it does not follow that there can be an inequality of rights.

All having an equal right derived from the same origin, it follows, that he who encroaches on the right of another, exceeds the bounds of his own right. It follows that the right of every one ought to be respected by every

every other ; and that this right and duty cannot but be reciprocal. Then the right of the weak over the strong, is the same as of the strong over the weak. When the strong oppresses the weak, he produces an effect without producing an obligation ; far from producing a new duty to the feeble, it calls forth in him the natural and unperishable duty of opposing oppression.

It is then an eternal truth, and that cannot be too frequently repeated to mankind, that the act by which the strong keeps the weak subjected, can never become a right ; and that on the contrary, the act by which the weak throws off the yoke of the strong, is a duty pressing always towards himself.

We should then stop at the only relations that can justly unite men together : that is, to those which arise from a real engagement.

There is no engagement if it is not founded on the free will of the contractors. Then there can be no legitimate association if it is not established by a reciprocal, voluntary, and free contract on the part of the coassociates.

Since then every man is charged to will his own benefit, he can engage himself to his fellow creatures ; and he should do it if he judges it to be his advantage.

It has been pointed out above, that men can do much for each others advantage. Then a society founded on reciprocal utility is truly among the natural means which are presented to man to fulfil his design. This union is then a benefit and not a sacrifice ; and social order a consequence and addition to the natural orders. Thus if even all the sensitive faculties of man (although not yet enlightened on them) did not lead him in a decided and strong manner to live in society, reason alone would conduct him.

The object of social union is the happiness of its associates. Man we have constantly said, goes forward to this object ; and certainly he does not intend to change his course when he associates himself with his fellow creatures.

The social state does not then tend to degrade or vilitate men, but on the contrary to ennoble and perfect them.

Society then does not enfeeble or reduce the particular means that each individual brings into the association for his private use, but on the contrary enlarges and multiplies them by a great development of his moral and physical faculties : It augments them still more by the inestimable aid of publick labour and assistance, so that if the citizen pays afterwards a contribution to the publick, it is only a kind of restitution ; it is the smallest part of the profit and advantage which he draws from it.

It follows, that the social state does not establish an unjust inequality of rights, by the side of the natural inequality of means : on the contrary, it protects the equality of rights against the natural but injurious influence of the inequality of means. The social law is not made to weaken the weak and strengthen the strong : on the contrary, it is intended to protect the weak from the enterprizes of the strong ; and covering with its guardian authority the totality of citizens, it guarantees to all the full enjoyment of their rights.

Man then entering into society does not sacrifice a part of his liberty. Even out of the social bond, no one had the right to hurt another. This principle is true in all the positions in which we can suppose the human race to be. The right of injury never could belong to liberty.

Far from diminishing individual liberty, the social state extends and secures the use of it. It removes a crowd of obstacles and dangers to which it was too much exposed under the sole guard of private force ; and it confides it to the all powerful protection of an entire association.

Thus, since in the social state man increases in moral and physical means, and that he substracts himself at the same time from the inquietudes that accompany the use of them, it is true to say that liberty is more full and complete when in social order, than it can be in what is called a state of nature.

Liberty

Liberty exercises itself on things that are *common*, and on things that are *proper*.

The property of the *person* is the first of all rights.

From this primitive right flows the property of *actions* and that of *labour*; for labour is only the useful employment of one's faculties. It evidently proceeds from the property of the person and of actions.

The property of exterior objects, or *real* property, is in like manner no more than a consequence, and as an extension of personal property. The air we breathe, the water we drink, the fruit we eat, is transformed into our proper substance by the voluntary or involuntary labour of our bodies.

By analogous operations, though more dependent on the will, I appropriate to myself an object that belongs to no one, and of which I have need, by a labour that modifies it and prepares it for my use. My labour belonged to me; and so it does still. The object on which I have fixed it, or in which I have invested it, belonged to me as it did to all the world; it belonged to me more than to the rest of the world, as I have, exclusively of the rest of the world, the right of first occupant. These conditions suffice to give me the exclusive right of that object. Social right adds to it by the force of a general agreement or a kind of legal consecration; and there is a necessity to suppose this last act, to give to the word property all the extent that we attach to it in our civil societies.

Territorial properties are the most important part of real property. In their actual state they appertain less to personal than to social wants. Their theory is different, and this is not the place to explain it.

He is free that has the assurance not to be disturbed in the exercise of his personal property, and in the use of his real property. Thus every citizen has the right to remain, to go, to think, to speak, to write, to print, to publish, to work, to produce, to keep, to transport, to exchange, to consume, &c.

The limits of individual liberty are

placed only at the point where they begin to encroach on the liberty of others. The law is to recognize and mark these limits. Out of the limits of the law every thing is free for every one; for the social union has not only as an object the liberty of one or of many, but of all. A society in which one man is more or less free than another, would most certainly be very badly ordained. It would cease to be free; it would be necessary to reconstitute it.

It seems at the first aspect that he who contracts an engagement loses a part of his liberty. It is more exact to say, that at the moment that he contracts, so far from having his liberty straitened, he then exercises it as he chuses. For every engagement is an exchange, where every one loves better what he receives than what he gives.

As long as the engagement lasts he ought no doubt to fulfil the obligations. The thing engaged no longer belongs to him, and liberty we have said never extends to the injury of others. When a change of relations has displaced the limits in which liberty could be exercised, liberty is not less entire, if the new position is only the result of the choice.

In vain might it be declared that liberty is the unalienable right of every citizen. In vain would the law pronounce punishment against its infractors, unless there existed, to maintain right and to execute the law, a force capable of guaranteeing both the one and the other.

The guarantee of liberty only will be good when it is sufficient, and it will never be sufficient till the attacks made on it are rendered impotent by the force destined to defend it. No right is completely secure if it is not protected by a relative, irresistible force.

Individual liberty has in a great society three kinds of enemies to fear.

The least dangerous are the malevolent citizens; to repress them only an ordinary authority is necessary. If justice is not always well administered in this way it is not for want of a sufficient relative coercive force, but rather because legislation is bad.*

This

* Meaning no doubt by the constitution itself.

This double inconvenience will be remedied.

Individual liberty has much more to fear from the enterprises of the officers charged with the exercise of parts of the publick duty.

Simple, isolated, subordinate magistrates, entire bodies, or the whole government itself, may cease to respect the rights of the citizen. A long experience proves that nations are not sufficiently cautioned against this kind of danger.

What a sight is it to behold a magistrate turn against his fellow citizen the arms or powers which he has received to defend them with, and who criminal against himself and against his country, dares to change into instruments of oppression the means for the common protection that has been confided to him.

A good constitution or proper arrangement of all the publick powers is the sole guarantee that can preserve nations and citizens from this extreme misfortune.

Lastly—Liberty can be attacked by a foreign enemy. Hence the necessity

of an army. It is evident that an army is not necessary to internal order, and that it is only created in the order of exterior relations. If it was possible in effect for a people to remain isolated on the earth, or if it was impossible for other people to attack it, is it not certain that there would be no occasion for an army. Interior peace and tranquillity require, it is true, a coercive force, but of an absolutely different nature. But if the interior order and the establishment of a coercive legal force, can do without an army; it is of extreme importance that there where there is an army, interior order should be so independent of such army that there should be no kind of relation betwixt the one and the other.

It is incontestable then that the soldier ought never to be employed against the citizen, and that the interior order of the state ought to be so established that in any case and in any possible circumstance, recourse should not be had to a military power, except against a foreign enemy.

(To be concluded next month.)

A FRAGMENT of IRISH HISTORY.

[Continued from page 102.]

TOWARD the afternoon the natives assembled on shore, and sent messengers in a boat to the ship to inquire for its commander.

Olaf answered in the Irish to all their questions: But they understanding that the crew were Norwegians, claimed the vessel under the sanction of their laws: At the same time entreating them to leave it, and to rest assured that their persons should meet with every protection, until the final judgment of the King.

Olaf disputed not the law, yet begged them to remember that one of its conditions was, if foreigners had no interpreter. And concluded with saying he did not think proper to relinquish his property without further necessity.

The Irish, hearing this, prepared to attack the vessel, with an universal shout. For this purpose they pro-

ceeded toward it, with an intent to draw it on shore, as the water was not deeper than their arm pits, or the girdle of the tallest; but the place where the vessel rode was sufficient to keep it afloat.

At the instance of Olaf his companions seized their arms, and ranged them along the sides, between the stem and the stern, which they covered with shields, forming, as it were, a kind of breast work, or parapet, the lower part of which was filled with spears, for the purpose of being in readiness.

This being done, Olaf ascended the prow, arrayed in a gorget, his head invested with a gilded helmet, and a gold hilted sword by his side, with a lance in his hand, formed hookwise, as well for stabbing as cutting. The shield with which he covered his breast, was blazoned with a lion of gold.

On

On beholding this the Irish were struck with amazement, as through this they lost all hope of booty, which they flattered themselves could be attained without any difficulty. Convinced that the vessel was nothing less than a man of war belonging to a fleet which might soon be expected, a report was instantly dispatched to the king with intelligence of the whole.

His majesty at the time happened to be at a banquet in the neighbourhood ; as soon as he received the message he set off for the assembly, which was at that time sitting, not far from where the ship lay, so that one party could hear the other with ease. Mean time the Irish made several attempts to annoy the Norwegians with arrows, but to no effect.

Olaf still maintained his post, in the dress already mentioned, attracting the admiration of his very enemies, through the gallantry of his behaviour.

When the Norwegians, however, observed the approach of the equestrians, they began to dread lest they should be overpowered by numbers.

On the contrary Olaf inspired them with fresh courage, asserting that their situation had now taken a happy change.

The Irish by this welcomed their king Mirkiartan, who approached so near to the Norwegian ship as to be understood by them.

The king asked the name of the captain ; which being told, Olaf, in return, desired to know the name of the gallant knight with whom he spoke ; the king replied, Mirkiartan, adding, on Olaf's farther inquiry, king of Ireland.

After this the king entered into closer conversation with Olaf, and interrogated him as to several particulars, especially his rank and family, to which he received satisfactory answers. But as the stranger supported his dignity, and would not descend from it, the king dropped all further enquiries.

Olaf then addressed the monarch, thus : Sire, I think it necessary to acquaint you that we are Norwegians, and belong to the court of Harald

Vol. II. March, 1793.

W

Olpinnildson : As to my family, this may be depended on, my father, whose name is Hoskuld, at present resides in Iceland, born there, of an illustrious family. As to my mother, I will venture to say, you have seen more of her kindred than I have. Her name is Melkorka, and is, I am confidently told, your daughter ; this, and this only, induced me to visit your island, notwithstanding the length of the way, and the danger of the voyage ; so that your majesty sees that the answer you may please to return is of no little consequence.

The king on hearing this, thought proper to remain silent, till he came in conference with his ministers, to whom he imparted the whole ; observing, that if it should be evident that the stranger was of the blood royal of Ireland, it was proper that he should meet with every indulgence ; and that if he was not, he was still entitled to a very considerable degree of attention, as his descent was illustrious, and particularly as he spoke the Irish language with so much elegance and ease.

His majesty, having taken the opinion of his nobles on an affair of such importance, arose to impart it to the Norwegians ; to whom he thus addressed himself : It is our pleasure that ye shall enjoy the most perfect safety ; in the mean time, said the king, addressing himself particularly to Olaf, as to the relationship that you say exists between us, I hope you will put it in a clearer point of view before I venture to say any thing further on it.

Olaf then went ashore with his companions ; and having paid due obeisance to the king, was received with all the politeness imaginable, which on his side was as fully returned, to the admiration of the Irish, who failed not among themselves to compliment the elegance of his person and courage.

Olaf, having watched an opportunity, in a speech of some length and considerable eloquence, set forth his pretensions in respect to the relationship in question ; at the conclusion of the speech he told the king, in order still further to confirm what he had said,

that

that he, at the very moment, had a gold ring on his hand, which his mother Melkorka had given him at their last parting in Iceland, which she declared had been presented her by the king her father, on the appearance of her first tooth; on this Olaf presented the ring to his majesty; who, having surveyed it some time, changed colour, saying that although these proofs were undeniable, yet the similarity of features betwixt Olaf and his mother put the truth of the matter beyond all doubt. Having tenderly embraced his grandson, and received him as such in the presence of the assembly that encircled them, his majesty invited the young Prince and his companions to reside with him in future; yet declared that whatever honours he might confer on him from that time, were only to be in proportion to the gallantry of his arms in the service of the crown.

The royal order was then issued that the strangers should be immediately furnished with horses, and every proper habilitment. Proper persons were appointed to guard the vessel and all that it contained; and at the same time to hale it on shore, which was instantly done.

The king then set off for Dublin. The citizens were not a little rejoiced to hear that their monarch was attended with the son of his long lost daughter, who was captured in the eleventh year of her age. The joyful tidings having reached the nurse of Melkorka, though bent beneath the burden of years and other infirmities, she could not resist the pleasure of setting out to hail the son of her affectionate pupil.

His majesty himself announced the approach of the good old woman.

Olaf received her with open arms; acquainting her, in compliance to her earnest enquiries, with the good fortune and easy situation of his mother in Iceland, delivering at the same time the knife and girdle already mentioned as the pledge of his mother's affection for her nurse, who recognized them in an instant. The elegance of Olaf drew many expressions of pleasure from the old woman, and brought Melkorka warmly into her mind.

The king enjoyed little rest, as the western isles were much harrassed with the frequent irruptions of the enemy; notwithstanding that his majesty was indefatigable in the pursuit of these pirates, and other disturbers of the publick peace. Olaf and his companions attended the sovereign on board his own ship throughout the winter, exhibiting the greatest bravery against the foe, from whose very lips they extorted praise. His majesty in cases of arduous enterprise used to confer with Olaf, as he plainly perceived that prudence dictated to all the actions of that aspiring hero in the most difficult crisis.

Toward the approach of spring, the king called a general diet, which being remarkably full, his majesty arose in the midst, and delivered an eloquent speech, addressed to the states, and observed in the course of it, alluding to Olaf, ye know that a young man, the son of my daughter, arrived on our coast the autumn past; a man whose actions shed a lustre on his descent. This induces me to constitute him heir of my realm, as I find he is fitter to assume that weighty burden than my own sons.

[To be concluded next month.]

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The D R E A M E R. No. XII.

THE wise man, hath said, "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of joy." This sacred apophthegm Sterne has thought fit to deny as truth—indeed Solomon and Lawrence were both in the right. There is a time and a season for every thing under the sun.

To always abide in the mansions of sorrow, infects with an habitual gloom, that darkens the most cheerful prospects of life: To forever dwell amid one perpetual scene of gaiety, would be attended with satiety, and satiety produces disgust. Our existence is a chequered scene—if bitterest afflictions mingle

mingle the bowl of wormwood and gall, consolation generally stands ready and offers the cup of patience or hope. Should intoxicating festivity present the fascinating draught, temperate sobriety comes on, and administers a cooling opiate. For my own part, I am no great admirer of moping melancholy, or everlaughing frolick, but prefer the pleasures of moderate cheerfulness; however, had much rather a person should build an ærial turret of happiness, than delve in the dark mine of discontent. Of this opinion appears my worthy friend, who has just favoured me with a letter that merits the honour of insertion.

MR. DREAMER,

THE pen which now addresses you has just finished a letter to the amiable Charlotte. I had breathed my little hoard of grief into the bosom of compassion and love, and found a temporary relief from imparting my sorrows. I indulged myself also in the fond dreams of anticipation. Imagination penciled out a little scene which I hope one day to see realized. On the fore ground Fancy had represented Charlotte and her Evremond, attended by several little smiling girls and boys, who are busily engaged in gathering flowers to adorn an altar dedicated to matrimonial felicity. A serene horizon bespeaks their happiness. While Virtue, seated on a radiant cloud, points to a lucid spot in the heavens, which seems the portal to a felicity more permanent. On the back prospect, the God of Riches is seen retiring, with evident marks of chagrin, and, with an assumed disdain, points to his treasure.

Thus Fancy stole the pensive thought to wrap it in her own elysium.

As this train, this fond reverie of an enthusiastick love, entitles me, beyond dispute, to a place on your list, I beg to be considered as one of the society of *Dreamers*.

I shall be more pleased with this honour, as the employment is the most constant and agreeable of my life. Happiness is an object with all—the earnest wish of every one. If it be acquired by easy means we have more to boast of, and less to regret. And

since seated in the mind, it matters not, in my opinion, whether our felicity be real or imaginary, if for the moment every wish be gratified. It is objected, I acknowledge, that our fondest hopes are often disappointed; granted. But he who accustoms himself to indulge in new and more flattering prospects rather than repine at the illuiveness of former, hath always a resource from the attacks of misfortune. If he hath no other treasure, yet hope will throb in his bosom, and promise him enjoyments superiour to the richest boon of opulence. Indeed, this ideal happiness is, upon the whole, the best. It is true it is formed of perishable materials; but they are such as are easily furnished, and the visionary fabric costs no pains in rearing.

“Delicious dream, how often dost thou give
A gleam of bliss which truth would but destroy:
Oft dost thou bid my drooping heart revive,
And catch one cheerful glimpse of transient joy.

O come then Fancy, and with lenient hand
Dry my moist cheek, and smooth my furrow'd brow,
Bear me o'er smiling tracks of Fairyland,
And give me more than fortune can bestow.”

The “Goddess of golden dreams,” propitious to my wish, brings the smiling scene of future bliss; I am too much entranced to proceed, and can only again recommend myself for admission into your society, and subscribe myself,

Your friend,

HENRY ST. EVREMOND.

Fairyland, March 8, 1790.

To Mr. HENRY ST. EVREMOND.

SIR,

“YOUR sweet pliability of temper,” as Yorick has beautifully said, is very laudibly employed “in cheating expectation and sorrow of their weary moments.” The wishes of your heart, which fancy has delightfully improved, appear to have virtue for their basis. Most sincerely do I wish, that you may not pass, from the appellation of an *Amorous Dreamer*, to that of a *Vain One*, but may Charlotte and Henry be mutually happy; and during

during the remainder of your courtship, if conducted on principles of honour and integrity, or at any future period of life, your correspond-

ence will be noticed with attention,
by, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
THE DREAMER.

ACCOUNT of MARGARET CUTTING, a Woman who spoke without a TONGUE.

WHEN she was about four or five years old, she had a cancerous complaint so deeply seated in her mouth, that no application but a gargle could reach it. She was using this one day, when her tongue dropped into the basin. This occasioned her mother to be in agony of distress, when the child cried out, "mother do not be frightened; I can speak!" From that time, it is said, she never found any difficulty in speaking; the greatest inconvenience she suffered from the loss of her tongue was in respect to her eating, which was so great, that for some time after, she was obliged to direct every mouthful that she chewed with her finger to her throat. But nature, in time, supplied this defect; the gums within side her lower jaw enlarged gradually, till they formed a regular channel to the orifice of her throat, by which means she swallowed ever after without any trouble. It is mentioned, that she arrived to the age of twenty years, or more, before

her case was related to the Royal Society. Repeated commissions were then sent down to some gentlemen of the faculty at Wickham market, and the neighbourhood, directing the mode of examination, and selecting a variety of words and phrases for her to repeat, which the tongue was thought indispensably necessary to pronounce. But to these inquiries, answers were related so very astonishing, that she was, at last, sent for to London, and attended several meetings of the Royal Society; the members of which, so far from judging it an imposition, offered her a pension if she would stay in town; but she was not so poor as to need such assistance. At that time she was courted by a sober industrious young man, of the name of Banyard, to whom she was afterwards married. It is not more than five years since she died. Her husband is still living, a shoemaker, at Wickham market, in Suffolk.

[*Hib. Mag. March, 1781.*]

CHARACTER of a WELL BRED MAN.

By a LADY.

SOME have supposed the fine gentleman, and the well bred man, to be synonymous characters; nothing, however, can be more opposite. The former, leaves nature entirely; the latter improves upon her. He is neither a slave, nor an enemy to pleasure, but approves, or rejects, as his reason shall direct. He stoops not to flatter a knave, though possessed of a title; nor does he ever overlook merit, though he should find it in a cottage. His behaviour is affable and respectful; yet not cringing nor formal, and his manners are easy and unaffected. He omits no opportunity

wherein he can oblige his friends; yet he does it in so delicate a manner, that he seems rather to have received, than conferred a favour. He does not profess a passion he never felt, to impose on the credulity of an artless woman; nor will he injure the reputation of another, to please the vanity of any female. He cannot love where he does not esteem; nor does he ever suffer his passions to predominate over his reason. He is ever studious to please, without being guilty of meanness or vice. In his friendship, he is steadfast and sincere; and he lives, not only for himself, but also

so for his friend. He is enamoured with virtue, but detests vice. He gives no unnecessary pain to any. He never raises a blush on the cheek of

virtue. He has a heart of sympathy and compassion, and, when in his power, with inexpressible pleasure, wipes the tear from the eye of sorrow.

The B A B L E R. No. V.

The SENTIMENTAL LIBERTINE; a STORY founded upon fact.

NEXT to an invariable rectitude of conduct there is no light in which the character of a man can possibly appear so amiable as in a hearty concern for his errors, especially those which are more the consequence of human infirmity than the effect of a mean premeditation.—In proportion to the repentance or atonement, we are apt to raise him in our esteem; and it is not the least part of his merit, that libertines themselves are lost in an admiration of his behaviour, however slow, through a ridiculous fear of publick contempt, they may be to imitate an action which they cannot, in spite of fashion or education, forbear to love.

My nephew, Harry Rattle, called upon me this morning, and after the usual how do you do of the day, pulled out a letter from the identical Mr. Bumper, whom in a former paper I mentioned as having sent Harry a challenge for refusing to drink a strumpet he had toasted one night after supper at his own house.—Mr. Bumper is a young man of nine and twenty, who has received a liberal education; is in possession of twelve hundred pounds a year; and though he has launched pretty freely into the customary excesses of the times, has been dissolute rather from fashion than inclination.—For a few weeks past he has been at a tenant's in Berkshire, from whence, two days ago, he sent the following letter to Harry, with permission to communicate it through my means to the notice of the publick.

To HARRY RATTLE, Esq.

Dear Harry,

IN my last letter I told you how deeply I was struck with the person of Sally Poplar, my tenant's daughter,

and expressed an intention of setting out immediately for London, for fear I should succeed in a ny design prejudicial to her innocence and virtue.—Yet notwithstanding I was perfectly convinced how necessary a step of that nature would be, I could not work myself up to a sufficient resolution of quitting the place.—I flattered myself I should be able to resist every temptation, yet indulge myself a few days longer under the same roof with the bewitching rustick; and though I knew it would be impossible to possess this happiness without saying some tender things to her; I nevertheless thought I should avoid carrying matters to any critical length, by a criminal importunity.—From my example however, the unthinking part of our acquaintance may be instructed, that it is infinitely wiser to fly from a temptation, than to combat with an opportunity.—The moment a man is alone with a woman he admires, and from whom he has received some indications of reciprocal esteem, human nature must not be human nature, if he does not endeavour to improve so fair an occasion of gratifying his wishes: He may fancy he will go to such and such lengths, and no further; but passion will hurry him imperceptibly from liberty to liberty, and he will find it utterly impossible to retain the least consideration for the unhappy girl, when he has totally lost all consideration for himself.

Such was my case the night before last; Sally and I lay on the same floor, and she had promised to let me chat half an hour with her before she went to bed. This half hour was productive of another and another, till at last the poor girl was worked up to such a pitch

pitch of tenderness, that she could refuse nothing; and then it was I found, in spite of all my humanity, that there was no possibility of getting off.—It would have been very strange, after pressing three hours for the last favour, which all the time I was in hopes would have been refused, if I had withdrawn the moment it was granted: The consequence therefore was, that after I had been rascal enough to deprive her of her reason, I was villain enough to seize the opportunity which that suspension gave me;

And for a moment's guilt, destroyed
A life of spotless fame.

We had scarcely fallen asleep, (do not laugh, Rattle, we slept, upon my soul) but old Mrs. Poplar having, as she imagined, forgot to see that the kitchen fire was out, (a piece of care which she never omitted) came down stairs, and passing by Sally's door, which in the confusion of affairs we had neglected to lock, turned the bolt and came in.—I need not attempt to paint her astonishment—nor, upon being waked, our own surprise.—Sally shrieked, and hid beneath the clothes; Mrs. Poplar wrung her hands in a fit of unutterable distraction, and desired her husband to come instantly down; the good man, terrified out of his wits for fear his desk had been broken open, or his house set on flames, made what haste he could: But never was distress or consternation so great, as when he found out the real situation of affairs, and beheld the destruction of his only child: For a moment he was petrified; till at last recovering the use of his recollection, he cast a look at me, that cut me to the very soul, and crying, O Sir! burst into a violent flood of tears.—In my life I never was so much affected; I felt myself truly despicable, and was at once torn with shame and remorse.—To a man not utterly destitute of humanity and reflection, Harry, no circumstances could be so mortifying; instead of gratitude for the cordial welcome which I had received in the house of my friend, I had violated the hospitality of his roof, and robbed the darling of his age, of what ought to be infinitely dearer than her life.—

The girl I doated on to death seemed absorbed in distraction, and her worthy parents were almost lost in despair.—What could I do Harry? the torture of the damned was an elysium to what I suffered; and without reparation, of what service was it to repent? Thus situated, I begged Mr. Poplar and his wife to withdraw till I was dressed, and then I would endeavour to satisfy them: They did so, and went down to the parlour; I followed them in a few minutes, and summoning all the fortitude I could, delivered myself to the following purport: "I will not, my good Mr. and Mrs. Poplar, go about to excuse the transactions of tonight, but own myself a very dirty scoundrel; however, as there is no possibility of recalling what is past, I shall readily make all the atonement in my power, and if I have your consent, will marry Sally tomorrow morning."

—The transport of the worthy old couple was now as violent as their sorrow had been but a moment before.—Mr. Poplar looked at me for some time with a fixed attention, then broke into an excessive laugh which possibly might have proved fatal had he not thrown himself into his great chair, and found a seasonable relief in a flood of tears.

Well, Harry, what say you to my behaviour? I have been married a week, and am convinced that virtue is its own reward; for in my days I never tasted felicity till now; every eye beams on me with gratitude and esteem, and when I enter into an examination of my own heart, all is approbation and joy.—I am satisfied of your concurrence, my dear Harry, and as for fools and rascals, their opinions is what a man of speculation must both despise and detest; it is not for the satisfaction of others we are to live, but our own; therefore those actions which secure that satisfaction, since it must always be founded on a rectitude of principle, are the best tests, both of the goodness of our hearts and the soundness of our understandings.

Your's, most affectionately,

RICHARD BUMPER.

The

A new KIND of M U M M Y.

From the Royal Academy of Sciences, 1756.

SOME labouring men working in a field in the neighbourhood of the village of Martres d'Arterres, near Riom in Auvergne, found a kind of a trough, about seven feet long, three feet broad, and eight inches deep. It was formed of a stone that appeared to be of the granite kind, and was covered by a piece of the same sort of stone, cut with a ridge on the upper side. This trough contained a leaden coffin, in which was the corpse of a youth about twelve or thirteen years of age, so perfectly enbalsmed, that the flesh was yet elastick and supple. The arms were wrapped round with bandages from the hand to the shoulder, and the legs from the feet to the top of the thighs; his breast and belly were concealed by a kind of shirt, and his whole body by a winding sheet. The linen was impregnated with a balsam of so strong a smell, that it has sunk deep into the stone, which even communicated it to those that came near the place long after this kind of mummy was removed. It was first carried to the house of the parson of the village; it had then on its head a kind of wooden skull cap, lined with an aromattick paste of the same smell as the balsam in which the linen had been dipped; it had also in its hands balls of the same kind of paste, secured in a proper position by little bags tied round the hands; and the arms, thighs, and legs, were covered with it. But being in a small space of time afterwards removed to Riom, in pursuance of an order of the ecclesiastical court, and by the direction of M. de la Michaudiere, intendant of the place, the bandages were all taken away,

and the colour of the body, which at first was natural, became now a deep brown. The drug which was used in embalming it had very sensibly diminished the quantity of the flesh, but had preserved its natural suppleness so well, that a surgeon having made an incision in the belly, one of the assistants introducing his finger, could very readily distinguish the diaphragm, the great lobe of the spleen, and the liver, though the two last mentioned parts of the viscera had lost much of their proper size. Through this orifice was extracted a part of the epiploon, about three inches in length, which was as supple as in its natural state, and carried no marks of decay. In like manner about twelve inches of the jejunum was extracted, and being tied in one part, it was as easily inflated by blowing as could have been the intestine of an animal newly killed. Upon the whole, the body seemed to have been embalmed in a manner quite different from that used amongst the Egyptians, whose mummies are dry and brittle. It is much to be lamented, that there was not some inscription, medal, or other symbol, by which it might have been known how long it had been here deposited; but no writing was found either on the stone or on the linen, and the labourers on their oath declared, they had not embezzled any thing contained in this wonderful monument of antiquity. These particulars are extracted from a letter of M. du Tour, correspondent of the Academy, to M. L' Abbe Nollet, and from an account sent to M. Morand, who communicated it to the Academy.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The S C R A P I A D. No. III.

Historical Anecdote.

ANNO Domini 1518, February 26, at a consistory court, held in the church of St. Peters, Tunbridge, a libel was preferred against Thomas Henly, as a general defamer of his neighbours, by having said in English,

"There is never a good woman, except my wife and three others, in Chetham parish." He denied the charge; but by the oaths of sufficient witnesses, was proved to have uttered these, or the like words, in his own house; a salutary penance was therefore

fore enjoined, to which he at length humbly submitted, though not till he found he was in danger of being excommunicated. The sentence of the court was, that in the morning of the next Lord's day, he should be whipped at the head of the procession, in his own parish church, being covered only with a linen cloth, after the manner of penitents, and holding a wax taper in his hand; and that when the procession was ended, he should, upon his knees, declare to his neighbours, "I know no worse of your wyffs than I do of my own, and therefore I pray you all men and wyffs forgive my pratyng."

The Polish Dwarf.

THE parents of this dwarf were healthy, strong peasants; who affirmed, that at the time of his birth, he scarcely weighed a pound and a quarter. It is not known what were then his dimensions, but one may judge they were very small, as he was presented upon a plate to be baptized, and for a long time had a wooden shoe for his bed. His mouth, though well proportioned to the rest of his body, was not large enough to receive the nipple; he was suckled therefore by a goat. When six months old he had the small pox. At eighteen months he could articulate some words; and at two years of age, support himself upon his legs, and walk almost without assistance; a pair of shoes were then made for him, which were no more than an inch and an half in length. He was attacked by several diseases, but there were no marks of any other than the small pox. At six years of age, his height was about fifteen inches, and his weight thirteen pounds. When sixteen, he was only twenty one inches, healthy and well proportioned, but at this time his strength began to decrease, the spine became crooked, his head fell forwards, the legs were enfeebled, one shoulder blade projected, the nose was greatly enlarged; Bébé lost his gaiety, and became a valetudinarian, and yet his stature was increased four inches in the four succeeding years. At twenty one he was shrunk and decrepit with age; at twenty two he could

hardly make a hundred steps successively. In his twenty third year he was attacked by a slight fever, and fell into a kind of lethargy, which soon proved fatal. At the time of his death he measured thirty three inches.

Singular Custom among the Ghaconese.

WHEN a girl is old enough to be married, they put her into the hands of a woman, who for eight days together employs her in the most laborious tasks; feeds her very ill, and in short never gives her a moments rest. By her manner of bearing this trial, they judge if she is laborious, and otherways qualified to take care of a family. At the expiration of this term they cut off her hair, deck her out with all the ornaments that the sex are so fond of, and declare her marriageable. It is deemed criminal for a young woman to keep company with a man before she has passed thro this trial, or at least she must do it very privately, to escape publick punishment.

Extraordinary Advertisements, by two Rival Hair Dressers.

SIGNIOR Florentini having taken into consideration, the many inconveniences which attend the method of hair dressing, formerly used by himself, and still practised by Mr. St. Laurent, humbly proposes to the ladies of quality, a new method of *finishing* the head in fashionable taste, to last, with very little repair, the whole session of Assembly, price only five guineas.

Answer, by St. Laurent.

WHEREAS dere have appear vone scandaleuse avertisement of Signior Florentini, moch reflexion on Mr. St. Laurent's capacite for hair dressing; he defy said Signior Florentini to tell any inconvenience dat do attend his methode, odervise he shall consider Florentini as *Boute feu* and calumniateur.

St. LAURENT.

Florentini's Reply.

WHEREAS Mr. St. Laurent has challenged Signior Florentini, to produce an instance where his (St. Laurent's) method is inconvenient, observes, that three rows of iron pins, thrust into the skull, will not fail to cause

cause a constant itching, a sensation that much distorts a lady's features; besides, the immense quantity of powder and pomatum, laid on for a genteel dressing, will, after a week or two, breed *mites*, a circumstance very disagreeable to gentlemen who do not love cheefe, and also affords a non odoriferous smell. From all which objections Signior Florentini's method is entirely free.

FLORENTINI.

St. Laurent's Rejoinder.

HAH! hah! hah! Dere is no objection den to Signior Florentini's way of frizing de fine ladie. I shall tell him von, doo, dree. Vorst, his *flucco* vill crack, and be break by de frequent jolts, to which all ladies are so subject, and dat two hour baking vill spile de complekshon, and hort de eyes. And as to his scandeleuse aspershon dat my methode breed a de *mite*, I say tis maliteuse, and do invite all gentlemen, to examine de head of the Countess —, (vich I had de honor to dress four week go) next Monday at 12 o'clock, through Mr. Clofent's great microscope, and see if dere be any *mite* dere, like de sheese mite.

N. B. Any gentleman may smell her ladyship's head sen he please; it smell gude.

ST. LAURENT.

Curious method of raising Turkeys in Sweden.

THEY plunge the chick into a vessel of cold water, the very hour if possible, but at least the very day it is hatched, forcing it to swallow one pepper corn whole, after which it is returned to its mother. From that time it will become hardy, and fear

the cold no more than another chick. But it must be remembered that this useful species of fowls is subject to a distemper while they are young, which often carries them off in a few days. When they begin to droop, examine carefully the feathers on the rump, and you will find two or three, whose quill part are filled with blood. Upon drawing these the chick recovers, and after this requires no other care than is commonly bestowed upon poultry.

The Norway Bear.

THE Norway bear is hunted by small dogs, trained up to the sport. They never venture to grapple with him, but harrafs him with running about, barking, leaping, and endeavouring to seize him behind. When he is thus tired out, he retreats to a rock or a tree, and then setting his back against it tears up the stones and earth, which he throws about him in his own defence; then the huntsman fires at him with a brace of balls from a rifle; and if the shot enters his chest, his shoulder, or his ear, he falls immediately, but if he is only slightly wounded, he flies with surprising fury upon the marksman, who must defend himself with the bayonet, which is commonly fixed in the muzzle of the piece. If this implement be wanting, he snatches the knife, or dagger, which the Norwegian farmer always wears at his side, and holding it cross ways in his hand, endeavours to thrust it down the bear's throat. Should he miss his aim, his life is lost. The bear will flea him, and pull his skin over his ears with amazing dexterity.

A striking PICTURE of CLEOPATRA, exhibited in various situations.

SHE was, at first view, no dazzling beauty; but in conversation, when her winning manners, and the insinuating tone of her voice, accompanied the charms of her face and person, she was irresistible. She had the uncommon art, which a woman of wit ascrib-

ed to a royal mistress, of "so adjusting her looks to her words, that they went directly to the heart."* With this she had such a glow of health, so luscious an air, and bewitching vivacity in all her motions, that a sour writer says, the most insensible to love by

* Madame Demoyers parlant de Madame de M——n, disoit, "ses yeux, & son esprit ont si bien d'accord que toute quelle dit va droit au cœur."

their temper and years were not safe from her allurements.

Besides the uncommon charms of her face and person, Cleopatra had infinite wit, capacity, address, taste, and an invention for frolick and adventure. She would assume any character, from a great queen to a sailor's or a tradesman's wife; and having from vulgar camp jokes quickly perceived Anthony's turn, she took up that manner; and actually outdid him in the rude mirth of a boisterous soldier. According to the shallow maxims of mistaken pleasure, she was formed to be the worst wife, and the most bewitching mistress, that ever was born.

Among her other accomplishments, she had two pretty rare ones in a youthful queen. Her predecessors of the Ptolomean race, the kings of Egypt, and a great part of Ethiopia, spoke no language but Greek, and some of them even forgot their mother tongue, the Macedonian dialect. But Cleopatra learned all the languages of all the nations round about her dominions, as if she had been to govern them; and had them so much at command, that she very seldom used an interpreter to any foreigners that came to her court. She gave audience herself, and from her own mouth gave answers to the Ethiopians, Troglodytes, Hebrews, Arabs, Syrians, Medes, Persians, and other distant nations, a thing almost incredible, and a proof, I do not know whether of more acuteness or application.

The other wonderful accomplishment in a young princess, was a wide and curious knowledge of natural history. She knew the natures and

qualities of animals, plants, and minerals; hardly any rare production of the earth or water escaped her curiosity. Nor did she content herself with mere speculation, but examined their virtues, tried their compositions, and made the use of them that might be expected from a fine lady. She invented several *cosmetics*, or beautifying washes, and prescriptions for ailments incident to the sex. She even wrote upon these subjects, and her works are quoted with approbation by Galen, Paul of Egina, and other physicians. What a genius must it have been, that amidst the most dissipating things in the world, a *run of pleasure* and the *cares of a kingdom*, could acquire such a mastery in language, and such a reach in science!

Her chief concern was to invent ornaments that might heighten the lustre of her charms, and add a splendor to the native allurements of her person. It is not easy to describe the contrivances of an ordinary woman, to set herself off to advantage, or enumerate the delicate helps the borrows to recommend her face and form; but when a great luxurious queen sets her wits to invent, and employs her power to purchase baits of pleasure, what wonders does she not perform! Art and nature vied in Cleopatra's dress and equipage. The fine Egyptian lawns, the rich Tyrian dyes, the Assyrian odours, the balsams of India, and the jewels of the East, all combined with the Alexandrian elegance, to brighten her appearance, perfume her baths, soften her air, and make herself and her train look like more than mortals.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

HENRY ; or the CAPTIVE. A FRAGMENT.

HE threw himself on the turf, cast his eyes to heaven, and then on the ground. I have, said he, full liberty to range these bounded fields to-day. Upward he turned the streaming orb of light, and thanked the guardian father of the captive; then looked wistfully at a rose which he

held in his hand; it was wet with the dew of eve. Thou emblem of my Anna, repeated Henry, and added to the lucid drops that glistened on the flower; sweet emblem of my Anna, again he whispered, as he placed it in his bosom. Alas! the stalk snapt; the rose fell at his feet; a tear dropt from

from his cheek ; a sigh burst from his bosom. Too lively picture of man, cried Henry ; perhaps like this blushing rose, my Anna is nipt in the bud, and now lies mouldering in her urn ; and tomorrow, this cold sod, instead of straw, may be my bed, and not one little slate tell where the captive lies. Henry breathed the ejaculation—thy will, oh heaven, be done ! It was recorded in the annals of pity ; a weep-

ing cherub wrote it down.—Hark ! I hear the footsteps of my keeper. I go—adieu, ye balmy walks of innocence and peace. He was stopt as passing on ; a human form pronounced the happy sound, Henry is free ! and then disappeared. It was the godlike Howard ; may laughing loves around him play, and smiling angels ever watch his soft repose.

ANNA ; or the SECOND PART of the CAPTIVE.

—HUSH, ye zephyrs, gently blow, nor waft to Henry, Anna's woes. If he still lives ; lives, did I say—perhaps he is no more, or in captivity he pines, lost forever to his Anna. Pensive she sat down, and wove a garland for her favorite lamb. How often has my Henry culled the choicest flowers to adorn thy fleece, whilst thus I bound the flowery wreath ; and thou, poor little insensible, hast not been a moment sad since my Henry left us to mourn. The lambkin felt not her reproach, but

gently gamboled on the green. She then walked to a bower adorned with roses ; Anna entered, fairer than the fairest of the roseate tribe, and softly said, be this bower sacred to Henry and to love. She dropt a tear at the dedication, and called upon his much loved name ; thrice it was repeated ; the winds assisted her wish ; they wafted Henry to his home.* As she spoke, Henry clasped his Anna ; she melted to excess of joy.

LAVINIA.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

P H I L O. No. VII.

AFFECTATION is a certain artificial gloss upon the manners and external appearance ; but however artfully put on, and delicately shaded, the very instant it shows itself, like the stiff touches of a brush upon a masterly picture, it defaces the whole piece. I have often observed a symmetry of features the most perfect, by a strange arrangement of the muscles, turned and twisted into perfect deformity ; manners in themselves easy and graceful, by a studied conformity to the rules of precision, transformed into complete awkwardness ; even the voice naturally melodious, by a strained elevation to an unnatural key, not less grating to the ear than the harsh discordant trills of an unstrung instrument. Indeed I never discover in any one the smallest appearance of this creature of deformity, without strongly suspecting some more material defect within ; for mer-

it will always show itself, and although, like the *sensitive plant*, it may at first modestly shrink from the scrutinizing eye of observers, it will at some time or other unveil itself to the world. The fop, or fribble, who affects a superiority to which he is not entitled, must either then feel conscious himself of his own insignificance, and anxious to conceal it, or what is ten times more criminal, solicitous to appear to others more favourable than he does to himself. In either case he is easily detected, and his detection at once very justly brands him with the odious epithet of coward or knave ; for, sensible that formal distance alone will secure to him his imaginary consequence, he feels afraid of losing even *this* by an easy familiarity with those around him ; or in rendering himself their companion, he studies to preserve it under the cloak of disguise, and by a carefully studied dexterity to

to palm upon their senses the basest counterfeits for the purest coin. We may even trace the knavery of his heart to a source still more vicious and corrupt; if we narrowly inspect the origin of this odious species of pride, we shall find it springs from the basest disposition, a disposition which knows no other way to estimate its own merit than by depreciating the merit of others, and which can vainly exult in its own imaginary worth, while it eyes with satisfaction the imaginary worthlessness of others. In addition to the long train of opprobrious epithets, so justly applicable to the child of vanity and affectation, we may with equal truth pronounce him a novice in the most useful of all acquisitions, the *knowledge of himself*; he cannot be said to have ever looked into this little useful volume, or to have acquired the least acquaintance with its precepts; for the human character, the nearer we view it, diminishes rather than magnifies in our own estimation; like a mountain, by an awful distance magnified into a stupendous size, as we gradually approach, we find that our vision has deceived us; every page, every sentence, every line, even every word contains, within itself a striking satyr upon all the boasted pretensions of humanity. I hardly dare hint that the copy I have *here* sketched, with all its hideous features, is but a faint resemblance of the original, which I have so often gazed at with abhorrence in many of our young ladies. They will not think I mean to load them with the whole ponderous burden of human weaknesses, when I say, that among the many foibles in their character or behaviour, *affectation* is by no means the most inconsiderable. If, however, I discover in them particular failings, I am convinced I shall likewise discover some particular cause, and they must not wonder if in the examination many failings should appear conspicuous, of which they themselves may not feel conscious. The finer the mirror, the easier to discover specks on its surface; and I will venture to assert that many faults which lie concealed in *us*, in them are discovered at the first glance;

but I will not hazard the observation that the traces of affectation are more easily discoverable in their manners than in ours, without likewise assigning what in my opinion may be the cause. Affectation is the offspring of vanity, and vanity I believe to be the true born child of flattery. The gentle breath of adulation as naturally produces the first, as the air itself blows up the bubble. There is something too in these gentle whispers, when they do not rise into tempestuous blasts, which, with more than magical art, fascinates even the most delicate ear, and in ninety nine times out of a hundred, finds an easy passport to its inmost recesses; it is what we all relish when it is not condensed into *grossness* itself. We may as easily conceive that the bee should alight upon the most fragrant flower without wishing to sip of its sweets, as that the ear should listen without unfolding to receive the honied accents of well polished praise. Our young ladies surely then will agree with me, that if their manners in general appear more *affected* than ours, there is a particular cause for this difference. Flattery is the true touchstone upon which the spark is first inkindled; and as their ears are more frequently than ours assailed by sycophants and flatterers, the conclusion is natural indeed that they should more frequently suffer from its effects. I need not however observe to them, that plainness in manners will always secure to them more admirers than any thing like affectation. For my own part, the former "in russet is to me more agreeable than the latter in embroidery;" and even the very *grossities* of rude uncultivated nature, accompanied with ease, have in my eye ten thousand more charms than all the *douceurs*, all the embellishments of education, with the smallest tincture of affectation.

"Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd." -----

[At the request of a valuable correspondent, we insert the following pathetic Tale. The exquisite sensibility that weeps at another's misfortunes, we never condemn; only beg leave to intimate, there are some feelings too refined for individual felicity, or general social happiness.]

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The F E L O D E S E.

————— "Sure he does well,
Who helps himself, as timely as he can,
When able."

BLAIR.

AS I rode through ———, I observed a large company of people who seemed very busily engaged. A curiosity, natural to every one, prompted me to inquire the cause. I was informed they were inflicting upon a self murderer the punishment required by law. The unfeeling populace would have driven the stake through his body, blunt as it was; but the magistrate, who superintended the execution, ordered them to sharpen the point. It was a dictate of humanity that endeared him to me. As soon therefore as they had completed the work, I took him aside, and requested him to give me some information respecting the unhappy person whose remains they had thus stigmatized.

"His name, said he, was Lindsay. Before his infant tongue could lisp his father's name, he was deprived of him. His mother died soon after. A kind friend brought him up, gave him a good education, ushered him on the broad theatre of mercantile employment, and died just as he saw him in a likely way to prosper in the world. By the death of his generous patron he found himself in possession of an handsome house and richly furnished store. He now married a young lady, more for congeniality of disposition, for a cultivated understanding and an aimable heart, than for riches or beauty. Hitherto he was happy; but misfortune overtook him. A late fire destroyed his property. His wife, endeared by the tenderest ties, and an infant son, were consumed in the flames. Unhinged by such accumulated distress he grew desperate, and in a fit of distraction put a period to his misery and his existence. He left this letter; take it

and peruse it at your leisure." I thanked him. It was as follows.

"Misery hath sharpened its sting, and despair broods in my soul. The sorrowing ills of life sit heavy on me. To support them is not in my power. I sink beneath them. To fly the threatening storm before it breaks over my head, is wise, is best. The means to avoid, or rather to escape, every surrounding distress, are in my own power. Yet my heart flutters with apprehension. I fear to use them, and be free. But others have ventured, and why may not I?

"Conscience hitherto acquits my life. With confidence then can I throw myself on the mercy of a good God, who will not, contrary to all other benefactors, condemn me to accept of favours which oppress me. O! Author of my being! the life which thou gavest me I restore to thee. Misfortune hath so benumbed my faculties that I am rendered useless to my fellow creatures and miserable to myself. Pardon then, O God of compassion! the hand which puts an end to that existence which has become irksome. Forgive! father forgive! * * * * *

The heart of tenderness, while it abhors the crime, cannot but feel the most real sorrow for that distress which urged him on to the fatal deed. Humanity draws her veil in pity to the emotions of sensibility, "the vast distress to hide." Alive to the nicest impressions, he recoiled from the rude grasp of misery; and thinking it impossible to experience greater distress, put an end to his present sensations. The philanthropist drops the tear of sympathy, and exclaims—"poor Lindsay! the mildew of affliction blighted thy youthful bloom. Life ceased to

be

be a pleasure ; thou determined it should no longer be a burden. May thy mercy, eternal fountain of goodness, pardon his presumption !

"The lonely thorn shall blossom on thy grave. I will visit it each returning spring, and forbid the noxious weeds and baleful nightshade to shed their poisoned dew upon the turf."

"What tho' nor marble piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought ?

Pity shall woo the weeping nine
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from Fairy
regions brought.

What tho' refus'd each chanted rite ?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell ;
And Petrarch's harp that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In melancholy tones shall ring his pen-
five knell."

WERTER.

The B O U Q U E T.

WHEN George Whitefield first came to Charleston, in South-carolina, the Rev. *Alexander* Garden, was Episcopal minister of that place. Not liking Whitefield's principles, he took occasion to preach against him from the following text : "Behold they that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." In the afternoon Mr. Whitefield retorted upon his antagonist before a crowded audience, from these words : "*Alexander* the copper smith hath done me much evil—the Lord reward him according to his works."

BEN JOHNSON was a mason by trade. As going to work early one morning, a lady thinking to be merry with him, said,
By line and rule
Works many a fool—good morrow,
Mr. Mason.

Ben turned his head, and retorted :
In silk and scarlet
Walks many a harlot—good morrow,
madam.

ONE of the bar, and another of the medical tribe, having a dispute about precedence, left it to *Diogenes*, who gave it in preference of the long robe, by observing, *the thief might go before, and the executioner follow.*

AN ignorant lawyer, pleading in an action of battery, to aggravate matters, gravely remarked, that his client had been beaten with a certain wooden instrument, commonly called an iron pestle.

THE late Governour B——, frequently saw an Indian gazing at his seat, and one day asked him what excited his admiration. He replied, that he was always wondering where his Honour got money to build such a large house. By head work, head work, all head work, answered his Excellency. A few days after, the sagacious native was employed to kill a calf, at the rate of a shilling. He accordingly stuck the animal, and received his money, the Governour supposing it was properly dressed. Upon finding out to the contrary, he sent for the Indian, and demanded what he meant by cheating him ; "nothing," says the fellow, head work, head work, all head work, your Honour.—I was to kill it—it is dead, and we will make a new bargain about the dressing of it."

A Mistress of a boarding school, who had a very red face, taxing one of her scholars with some faults, the young lady denied them, but coloured at the accusation :—Nay, says the Mistress, I am sure you are guilty, for you blush—pardon me, Madam, says she, I do not blush, it is only the reflection of your face upon mine.

A PRINCE joked one of his courtiers, who had served him in several embassies, and told him he looked like an ass : I know not what I look like, answered the nobleman, but this I know, that I have had the honour to represent you upon several occasions.

SEAT



SEAT of the MUSES.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

[The following was written by the authoress of the Invocation to Hope—Philander, a Pastoral Elegy—and Lines to Euphelia—which appeared under the Signature of CONSTANTIA.]

ELEGIACK LINES,

To the MEMORY of Mrs. ABIGAIL JONES.

AH! what avails, that round her polish'd form
The modest Graces lent each varied charm!
Ah! what avails the friend surrounded bier,
Or e'en a matchless Husband's hopeless tear!

That *Mind*, where Virtue rais'd her spotless throne, [thone;
Where Bounty smil'd, and beaming Genius
That *Touch*, which taught the swelling notes to roll, [bering soul,
That *Voice*, whose warbling wak'd the slum-
That *Fancy*, whence the pencil'd scenes arose, [scape glows,
That *Hand*, by which the living land-
Unconscious sleep! regardless of each care,
Which bursts the heart, and swells th' em-
passion'd tear;
The hovering Spirit wings its promis'd way,
And bending Seraphs guard the beauteous clay.

Bright as the Rose, which sinks beneath the storm,
Fair as the gather'd Lily's silver form,
Lamented Shade! for thee shall memory, mourn, adorn!
And deathless praise thy hallow'd grave
With every grace the raptur'd soul to move,
Careless'd by fortune, happy in thy love;
Ah! when did fate in equal splendour shine,
Or what blest Husband knew a joy like thine! [charm'd,
Won by his worth, by his perfections
Endear'd by Hope, by mutual fondness warm'd, [knew,
Each opening morn increasing pleasures
In scenes of bliss each closing day withdrew.

Great God of wisdom! on thy just decree, [thee!
What impious mortal dares to question
Why the blest ABBA yields her valued breath, [of death.
While loathing wretches court the grasp
While some, whom sad affliction calls her own,

Beneath this tedious weight of being groan,
In secret breathe the unavailing sigh,
And cloud with ceaseless tears the melting eye!

Or who the hidden springs of fate can find,
What ruling power instructs the searching mind! [guiles,
Why merit droops, and prosp'rous vice be-
Why pity mourns, and rude oppression smiles, [woe,
And while the living miscreant laughs at
O'er BEAUTY'S urn the tears of VIRTUE flow.
PHILENIA.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

TO A FRIEND, ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Written the 9th of February, 1787.

THE young and the gay their diversions pursue, [adieu!
They hail the sweet spring, and bid winter
By them ev'ry season's devoted to joy,
No changes of weather their mirth can de-
stroy;
Unfeeling for others, unmindful of those
Who suffer adversity's heart piercing woes!
Who shrink at the storms, and who dread the cold wind, [find,
Nor scarcely a shelter to screen them can
To such I am sure the approach of mild May
Is welcome as warmth from the sun's cheer-
ing ray.

But alas! when I fondly anticipate Spring,
I sigh to think Time has so fleeting a wing,
Altho' sigh follows sigh, I suppress them again, [tain;
Since the pleasures of life, we so rarely ob-
When we catch at the phantoms they van-
ish away, [cay.
Appear but a moment, then droop and de-
Our Springs and our Summers, progressions of time,

Remind us forever of youth and our prime.
In our Autumns we trace our advances to age, [stage,
They warn us how fast we are quitting the
Then let us contest in friendship's sweet strife, [of life;
How best we may smooth the rough winter
A winter so dreary, so numb'd with the frost,
That in viewing the scene we're bewild'rd and lost, [bring
To the christian alone such a prospect can
The blest'd hope of enjoying celestial spring.
EUPHELIA.

For

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
EXTRACTS from the ZENITH of
GLORY; 2 MANUSCRIPT ODE.

March of Montgomery for Canada—Surrender of several important posts to the American Arms—The storming of Quebec—and death of Montgomery.

AND now intent on bold emprise,
Montgomery left serene skies
Which gird the eastern coast;
And rapid march'd at thy command,
To check Ontario's savage band;
And combat Carlton's host.

Oft did the clouds in angry form,
Down groaning mountains lash the storm,
To impede his ardent course;
And boreal blasts, condensing cold,
Athwart the wild their armies roll'd,
To chill life's vital force.

Inur'd in toil, to hardships known,
He rush'd along the frozen zone,
A drear tremendous waste:
Freedom's pure flame his soul inspir'd,
And gallant troops, by glory fir'd,
Press'd on, with equal haste.

Whelm'd in the wave, they fought the flood,
The flint top'd summit mark'd with blood,
Or vast morasses scour'd.
Not the deep bog, or faithless fen,
Nor snow, wide arching Mammoth's den,
Their scatt'ring files o'erpower'd.

At eve benumb'd with torpid cold,
Their limbs the frost'd blanket roll'd;
Nor cheering fires to warm:
Whilst round them burst the winds of heaven,
And rain, sleet, hail, impetuous driven,
Wing'd one continual storm.

Each rising day fresh toil renew'd,
Close on the rear pale want pursu'd,
And meagre famine sped.
Her arrows smote the fainting steed,
The panting, dying dog was flea'd,
On carrion bones they fed.

What though, in front the tempest scowl'd,
Aloof the mad'ning Indian howl'd,
Or yelling monsters roar'd?
High sense of duty dar'd the gloom,
And forces worthy ancient Rome,
To death, or glory pour'd.

Chambler, St. John, receiv'd his law,
Montreal bow'd with conscious awe,
Champlain, the chief obey'd.
On Abraham's height, his standard beam'd,
And burnish'd armor radiant gleam'd,
Mid Quebec's awful glade.

United stripes were swift unfurl'd,
Britannia's hope, dread thunder hurl'd,
From art's imperial towers:
Unmov'd, he heard the cannon's shock,
That echoed harmless round the rock,
And scorn'd Montgomery's powers.

* Sir Guy Carlton, now Lord Dorchester,
justly deserves the title of Britannia's hope.

From Fort St. Louis' strong bas'd wall,
Rebounded back the missile ball,
And bursting bombs recoil'd:
In vain the bellowing mortar roar'd,
Or Howitz scream'd, with vengeance stor'd,
Or votive warriors toil'd.

The Chieftain spoke, and thus he cried,
"Strength of my arm, your country's pride!
Attend the orders given!
To yon dark mount, ere morning's dawn,
I lead fair freedom's army on;
Scale, storm, and trust to heaven."

Celestial ardor fir'd the host,
Their bosoms beat for danger's post,
And wish'd the night away.
From tent to tent, the hero pass'd,
High tuning war's impassion'd blast,
And battle's rudest bray.

This task perform'd—the godlike man
Revolving oft the morrow's plan,
Absterp'd in studious thought,
(Whilst sleep entranc'd the watchful foe)
With cautious step advancing slow,
The walls of battle fought.

By the pale stars' faint glimmering light,
He mark'd the ramparts, took their height,
Survey'd the circling moat;
And kenn'd each guarded pass with care,
From battions facing *Aunee de mer*;
To works defending *Saut*.

Swift flashing on Montgomery's view,
A crimson cloud, deep fring'd with blue,
Was instant rent in twain;
And forth a radiant chariot roll'd,
Of purest chrystal laid with gold,
And gems of richest vein.

Twin heroes, fam'd for deathless deeds,
Rul'd with strong power the living steeds,
On thrones of amber placed;
Ethereal palms of high renown,
Worth's civic wreath, and laurel crown,
The brow of honour graced.

Near, and more near, the vision came,
Bright beryl wheels enwrap in flame,
Outshone the blushing dawn.
Montcalm the reins of azure held,
And Wolfe with waving arm impell'd,
The foaming couriers on.

Fleet, as the rushing fires of heaven,
The glowing car impetuous driven,
Roll'd rapid down the hill,
Whence orient splendors blaze around;
And resting firm on Quebec's mound,
Light's rosy steeds stood still.

Montcalm arose, and twin'd a wreath
Inscrib'd to "Virtue great in Death,"
'Twas wrought by art divine.

Wolfe, laid his crown on glory's throne,
And both pronounc'd with clarion to me,
MONTGOMERY, *these are thine!*

"I come, I come"—the chief replied,
Bow'd, led the van, scall'd, storm'd and died

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

FLORELLA; or, The Penfive Fair.

HUSH'D was the scene; dumb silence
held its reign;
Sweet Aura gently breath'd upon the grove;
Florella penfive wanders o'er the plain,
To seek the sad retreat of hapless love.

The falling sun had just his disk conceal'd;
Nor hill, nor mountain's top, could boast a
ray;

Each shadow now forsook the sable field;
All nature bade adieu to parting day.

The whimp'ring songsters loose their cheer-
ful sound,
To see the evening melancholy come;
Th' awaken'd spring bird trails along the
ground,
Florella's foot disturbs its peaceful home.

Hard by a shady coppice as she stray'd,
Where scarce a leaf dar'd rustle to the
breeze, [maid,
Thus sigh'd, alas! the weary wand'ring
She well might melt the rocks and move the
trees.

Hark! hear the plaintive language of the
rill,
Its accents strike a concord with my soul;
See how it hastens down yon craggy hill
To meet the tranquil bosom of the pool.

Hark! the dull uproar of some distant flood
Whose restless waters down rough ledges roll,
Hear how it murmurs to the troubled wood;
This seems to chant the musick of my soul.

Hark! hear the plaintive cooing of the dove,
Whose wearied pipe with sorrow's dirge is
swell'd;

Here lovely sings the tale of hapless love,
Its partner gone, and all its joys expell'd.

Here have I pass'd the summer's safe ey'd
morn, [embrace,
While drowsy kings were chain'd in sleep's
When first the lark had tun'd its joyful
horn,
And hail'd the day to all the slumb'ring race.

To learn her young the lessons of her song,
Oft have I seen the feather'd matron here,
When list'ning echoes caught them from
her tongue [ear.
And chant them back to meet the critick's

But ah! no more the birds' sweet carols
charm

An ear which now's attun'd to tales of grief;
Hortensia's gone—no healing angel's balm,
Can sweeten sorrow's cup or give relief.

Thus mourn'd Florella, till the midnight
gloom

Had cast its shadow o'er fair reason's eye;
Till whisp'ring Morpheus lull'd affliction
down,

And bore her troubled fancy to the sky.

d. II. March, 1790.

Y

B.

To the EDITORS of the MASSACHUSETTS
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*As all have not inventive faculties, the fol-
lowing Fragment from the Irish Sonnet in
your December Magazine, page 758, is sub-
mitted for insertion: A slight indelicacy of
idea, which breaches towards the close,
prevented my paraphrasing the whole.*

FRAGMENT of IRISH SONNET.

WHERE the white hawthorn flow'rs
amid the vale, [gale,
And scatters fragrance round the floating
I saw the ring of light enamell'd day [play;
First break—and on the mountain summit
Swift did the soft, the young, th' enchant-
ing morn, [dawn
Salute the rose, and pour'd the crimson'd
Adown the sloping hill, athwart the plain,
Whilst loveliest smiles adorn'd the blushing
train.

Awake my love! my Evelina rise!
See radiant glory laughs along the skies!
Awake my fair in beauty's vest array'd!
Soul of my soul! thou heart rejoicing maid!
Not orient morn can with thy charms com-
pare,

Nor ris'd lilies weeping dew—so fair.
Pride of the west! thy father's natal shore;
When the clear sunbeam darts through
ev'ry pore [rene,
Of heav'n's blue vault, and all is calm, se-
'Tis but a type of Evelina's mien:
The honey's fragrance from thy lip exhales;
Thy breath, emblossoms apple scented vales;
Thy looks are polish'd as the raven's
crown; [down;
Thy neck, the silver of the swan's soft
Thy bosom, is the fane of purest love,
Where all the heav'n born, winning graces
move.

Awake! awake! my Evelina rise!
The sun awaits to kiss thee from the skies;
For thee wild heaths reserve their vernal
bloom,
And gentlest zephyrs waft along perfume.
O'er mossy dell, or craggy mound I'll stray,
Whilst fruits, and flow'rs, and nuts, enrich
thy way.

The berry blushing on the humble vine,
Spring's early fruit, and autumn's stores, are
thine. BELINDA.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A R E B U S.

THE crimson rose that blooms on Celia's
face,
When modest virtue paints the lovely grace;
The fields where fancied Gods their bliss
enjoy, [employ;
Whose fictitious smiles gay fancy's tongue
A flower bedeck'd with beauteous hue,
Whose foliage fair distills ambrosial dew;
The sea born virgin of enchanting song,
Whose magick charms exceed the vernal
orn;

A tint,

A tint, that gilds the bosom of a mine ;
The muse historick, fairest of the nine ;
The tree, that breathes sweet fragrance in
the grove ; [love ;
Emblem of peace, of friendship, and of
The feathered songster of melodious lay,
Whose colour apes the blush of rising day ;
That, which to nature gives her beauty
round, [crown'd ;
When Ceres smiles, in rich profusion
A virtue, that adorns the female breast ;
The fairest of the fair, by man carest ;
The rose that decks the flow'rets of the lawn ;
The messenger that hails the coming dawn.
The initials join'd, will *her* name disclose,
Whose mental charms excel the vernal rose ;
Whose worth and merit, virtue doth ap-
prove,
To form a soul for friendship and for love.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
The INVOCATION.

A FRAGMENT.

COME sweet retirement, ease the bur-
 ing soul, [woes ;
 And calm the sorrows in this world of
 Come stop the tears that down these cheeks
 will roll, [flows.
 Assuage the pain that thro' this bosom
 With thee attendant, thro' dark groves to
 stray,
 Hid from the genial sun's refulgent heat,
 To mark the streamlet's sinooth meand'ring
 way, [meet :
 Beneath old oaks whose tops in friendship
 Within some bower by Ethelinda form'd,
 With books and musick, pass the tedious
 hour, [warm'd,
 My mind by friendship, pleasing friendship
 Defy old Time, and Melancholy's pow'r.
 And when dun night her canopy has drawn,
 Pensive I'll stray to where the bird of eve,
 With hollow screamings, sighs th' approach
 of morn, [leaves.
 And the wind whistling shakes the rustler
 J. W. L.
 Charlestown, March, 1790.

Charlestown, March, 1790.

To the EDITORS of the MASSACHUSETTS
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN.

Your inserting the following EPILOGUE will oblige a customer.

NEW EPILOGUE to the RECRUIT-
ING OFFICER.

Composed by **CONSTANTIA**, *and spoken at*
Gloucester, by **Mr. ROGERS**, *in the charac-*
ter of **Serjeant KITE**, *for the benefit of the*
poor.

ACT plays in Glos'ter—Well, upon my honour, [fooner.
I should have thought of many things much
Why the metropolis is not so gay,
Nor half such depth of enterprize display.

How can these little folks so far presume,
Where are their Worthys, Kites, and where
their Plume? [scenery]

Where is their theatre—their stage—their
And eke a very long *et cetera*.

Yet, if the attempt is arduous, still we
Run any risk, and any danger share.

Corrected pleasures studious to enrol,
Enlisting those who feel they have a soul;
Who social worth, and social hours approve,
Who joys, chastiz'd by wisdom, always love.
For you we have assay'd our very best,
We woo your candour, but with warmth
protect

Against the critick's eye—the critick's wit—
Those rules severe, which oft in judgment
fit.

Our infant efforts your indulgence claim,
Your genial smiles will rear our budding
fame :

It is the auspicious breath of sweet applause,
Which the pure veil from modest merit
draws.

The latent talent brings to publick view,
And gives the mind its inborn worth to shew.
At least, howe'er we fail—forgive the at-tempt.

It is the first, and should from blame ex-
Rough were the outlines the first painter
drew.

Tho' from the hand of love, 'tis said, they
grew ;

Yet now, behold the finish'd canvas lives,
When the last touch the high wrought piece
receives.

Rude were the wild notes melody first
taught,

Though polish'd now, and to perfection
brought. [day

Thus arts progress—and we some future
New pow'rs may gain—may find some bet-
ter play;

For lenity the generous bosom fires,
Kindles new hopes, and all the soul inspires.

For me, now noble Serjeant Kite no more,
A non commission'd private as before ;
No actor now—nor seeking to ensnare,
(For I of wandering life have had my share)
To my dear native spot well pleas'd I come,
Implanting here the joys I wish to bloom.
But though I yield my halberd, drum and
arms.

With all their various, their bewitching
charms.

Yet Ki^o, the conjurer I still remain,
And all his magick dignity retain ;
My circles draw, wave my enchanting wand,
Upon the stretch, my faculties expand ;
Consult each sign, *those stars which throned*
around

And which to night are so resplendent found.
If haply by my art I may discern,
From the expressive eye our fate may learn,
Your approbation, freely we confess,
Will zest our efforts, and our moments bless
It is the talisman by which we aim,
To gain, amid your social haunts, a name
O yield us then the palm for which we sue
And ceaseless gratitude shall rise to you.

Fat

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

THE MUSEUM ANALYZED.

OF all your poetical *tuum* and *meum*
Most pregnant in simile is a museum:
Brutes, reptiles, birds, beasts, are lampoons
upon life,

A husband is *bellibore*, *wormwood*'s a wife;
A writer's a *jackall*, an author's a *grub*,
Bouquettes are *camelions*—a beau's a bear's
cub, [shape,

Till barbers and tailors have lick'd him to
And when metamorphos'd he is but an ape.
The courtier's a *cuckoo*—his nest is the
throne, [their own,

Those eggs which they hatch are seldom
Politicians like *polypi* never can cease,
The more you divide them, the more they
increase. [recede,

Land captains are *snails*, that oppos'd, still
Shrink, pull in their horns, and belime
where they feed.

A poet's a *drone* who forever conceals,
The cell that he lives in—the honey he
steals. [they've claw'd ye,

Men bailiffs are *tygers*, who lurk till
And suck up your blood as they mangle your
body.

A lawyer, a non descript monster we deem,
Shark, whale or leviathan's nothing to him;
His green bag's a belly which simile mocks,
For it swallows up houses, fields, forests, and
flocks.

But he who to cite every emblem should dare
Of reptile and rascal—of bully and bear;
While prating of asses, owls, monkeys, and
goats, [throats.

Might cut his own fingers, and other folks

A RELAXATION from ARMS: or,
The PHILOSOPHY of HEROES.

A P O E M.

Written by his Majesty the King of Prussia.

LOVE is by flattering hope sustain'd,
Reward must ardent zeal supply,
Authority's by power maintain'd,
Weakness on prudence must rely.

Credit to probity's confin'd,
Health lives with temperance alone;
Content sustains the human mind,
Content to competency known,
While competency still nice management
must own.

Much more of sweetness than of beauty,
My muse would on the fair bestow,
And prove it every author's duty,
To separate sterling truth from show.

Would you be happy—form reliance,
Much more on virtue, than on science;
On friendship more than tenderness;
On conduct more than wit refin'd;
On health much more than wealth to
bless;
On profit less than peace of mind.

A small estate from mortgage free,
A little garden—snug round table;
A little lass that smiles on me,
Are things both good and comfortable.

I love thro' winter's dreary state,
A brisk fire in a little grate.
Thus men of taste convivial pass
Their hours with festive joy elate,
With choice wine in a little glass,
With tid bits in a little plate.

From hence this truth we clearly trace,
Too much is ever out of place;
A maxim this well understood,
Both by the learned and the good.
Too much of rest but makes us heavy;
Too much of fuss but spoils a levy.

To be too cool is indolence;
To be too active, turbulence.
Madness from too much love may rise;
Death, from too many remedies.

Too much refinement ends in art;
Too much of rigour sours the heart.
Avarice is strain'd economy;
Forc'd boldness is temerity.

Too much of wealth a burden proves,
In fetters too much honour moves.

Pleasure destroys, if to excess,
And too much wit can rarely bless.
We're lost thro' too much confidence;
Too much of frankness leaves no fence.
Weakness with too much kindness flows,
And pride on too much spirit grows;
Mean is the complaisance extreme,
And flat is the too polish'd scheme.

Yet this *too much*, if understood,
If aided by one saving clause,
Might easily be turn'd to good,
By a mere *nothing* in our cause.

Yes! mighty nothing, thee we hail,
Since a mere nothing rules the roast;
In war, love, law, whate'er the cost,
A very nothing turns the scale.

A nothing wins upon the great,
By nothing we the fair may gain;
A nothing gives our talents weight,
A very nothing turns our brain.

Thus to a nothing or a hair,
Hangs the success of all our care.
A nothing gilds hope's flattering scene;
A nothing wakes to dire alarms;
Speak, Love! whose transient fires are seen,
Now bright, now quench'd in Chloë's
arms.

ANSWER to the FAVOURITE SONG,
(MA CHERE AMIE) published in our
Magazine for December, page 792.

I.

MON chere amie, let not despair
Your bosom load with anxious care;
Whose heart so open, mind so free,
I'll think of him who thinks on me.

Mon chere amie, &c. &c.

II.

Charge not a tender virgin's flame
With rudeness, to confess the same;
Oh pardon all the faults you see,
Still think on her who thinks on thee.
Mon chere amie, &c. &c.

III.

Then let us to the church incline
On Hymen wait, our hands to join;
Forever after happy be,
I blest with you, and you with me.
Mon chere amie, &c. &c.

To the EDITORS of the MASSACHUSETTS
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*The following lines (as the entreaty of a friend)
I take the liberty to offer—your past indul-
gence makes me flatter myself you will again
oblige* FIDELIA.

On the DEATH of a FAVOURITE SQUIRREL.

WHILE some in strains heroick sing,
And mourn the death of Prince or
King,

My loss I will deplore:
The little darling of my heart,
My Squirrel, has receiv'd death's dart,
And is, alas! no more.

But all the honour that's thy due,
My fav'rite, shall be paid to you,
By one who was your friend:
A decent burial thou shalt have,
With flowers I'll deck thy little grave,
And mourn thy early end.

The SAVAGE.

*Occasioned by the taking of PETER the Wild
Boy, and his introduction at Court.*

YE Courtiers, who the blessings know,
From sweet society that flow;
Adorn'd with each politer grace,
Above the rest of human race;
Receive this youth, unform'd, untaught,
From solitary deserts brought;
To brutish converse long confin'd,
Wild, and a stranger to his kind;
Receive him, and with tender care
For reason's use his mind prepare;
Shew him in words his thoughts to dress,
To think, and what he thinks, express;
His manners form, his conduct plan,
And civilize him into man.
But with false alluring smile
If you teach him to beguile;
If with language soft and fair,
You instruct him to ensnare;
If to foul, and brutal vice,
Envy, pride, or avarice,
Tend the precepts you impart,
If you taint his spotless heart,
Speechless send him back again

To the woods of Hameline;
Still in deserts let him stray
As his choice directs his way;
Let him still a rover be,
Still be innocent and free.

The BOY and NETTLE.

A FABLE.

A LITTLE boy, one summer's day,
Devoid of care, went out to play;
He roves the mead, the pleasing dices
Of various flow'rs engage his eyes.
From this to that with joy he turns,
For all in quick succession burns:
The blossom'd nettle now he gains,
Which sorely stings him for his pains.
Homeward in tears he runs with speed,
And sobb complaints against the weed:
My touch says he was soft and light,
Who then could think that it would bite?
His boy the father fondly ey'd,
He kiss'd him first, and then reply'd;
My child, the lightness of your touch
Was that which made it bite so much;
Had but your gripe been clove and rude,
Its mischief had been all subdu'd;
A fact from which I'll now deduce
A precept for your future use;
You'll find the world, that ample field,
A plenteous crop of nettles yield;
Men who may justly pass for such,
Whom you must gripe or never touch,
Avoid, or treat them with disdain,
My precept in your mind retain.

My INVENTORY.

WITH conscience void of ill intent,
With thought to all mankind well
meant;
With that religion in my heart,
The grace which saves the better part;
With spirit that does more rejoice,
At giving once than taking twice;
With heart that feels for others woes,
And mind that would these ills oppose;
With human frame, that nature saith
Portends short life, and speedy death;
With health enough to earn my bread,
(All thanks I am not idly fed,)
With habit to plain wholesome food,
And appetite to find it good;
With human frailties not the least,
And detestation of the past;
With just enough, perhaps some more,
To keep the wolf from op'ning door;
With thanks to God for blessings sent,
And reason good, I feel content;
With stoick heed of scorning frown,
With cheerful cup their pride to drown,
With temperance my course I steer,
With rudder of celestial fear,
With this my lot I sit and sleep
With small concern who riches reap.

THE

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
THE CHARMS OF NATURE.

(Being a SOLUTION of THEC, Ha! R. M. sofna TURE, published last month.)

Set by PHILO MUSICO.

The cheek en - ros'd with crim - son dye, The

blush of maid - en hue, The spark that

wan - tons in the eye, And lip

of pear - ly dew.

II.

To man these native charms appear
More elegant than art;
The painted flush—the snareful leer—
Ne'er penetrate the heart.

III.

What boots the bloom that pencil lays
Each morn upon the face?

Can that which ere the eve decays,
Be justly deem'd a grace?

IV.

The nymph who trusts to nature's aid,
Comes nearest to her end;
For nature ne'er a face hath made,
For human skill to mend.

The GAZETTE.

Domestick Occurrences.

BALTIMORE, February 26.

LAST week was completed, in this town, a Horizontal Windmill, the first that has been erected in North America. This curious machine was executed by Mr. Davey and one of his sons, on Philpot's Hill, for the purpose of powdering Ivory Black, Jesuit's Bark, &c.

PHILADELPHIA, March 9.—We learn that some people in the neighbourhood of Maurice river, (in Newjersey) having discovered that rattlesnakes winter about spring heads; in order to destroy those venomous reptiles, a day was fixed this winter for digging out their burrows, when a number of inhabitants met and destroyed upwards of 200 of them, and many other snakes; from the mildness of the season, and their situation, lying in the spring water, with their heads only out, they were not so torpid as if the weather had been colder, and this circumstance made it rather a dangerous undertaking, for the snakes were very active; some were found with eighteen rattles.

ELIZABETHTOWN, March 10.—It is with pleasure we learn that the Glass Manufactory in Maryland, is thriving fast. The glass lately manufactured there is equal in quality to that imported from Europe: When we consider the great expence and labour attending an undertaking of this kind, the advantage and benefit resulting from the establishment of Manufactories in America, we cannot but hope that the encouragement of both publick and individuals will be equally great: We learn that Looking Glasses will be manufactured at these works in the spring.

NEWYORK, March 12.—At St. Domingo, the capital town of Spanish Hispaniola, is still seen the walls of the house that Columbus erected there in 1493, which he fortified and left to the care of a small garrison just before his second return to Old Spain. It is a large building exactly square, the walls twenty feet high, and near five feet thick; and is at present the receptacle of filth, and surrounded with weeds and bushes. The reflective traveller naturally beholds this pile with veneration, as the first building erected in the western world by European hands, and under the direction of a man whose services and renown entitle it to be considered as a remarkable monument of curiosity and (American) antiquity.

In a late English magazine occurs a remarkable account of a lad totally blind, (as was supposed, from obstructions in the optick nerve) being perfectly restored to sight, by undergoing four smart electrical shocks. This account is attested in the most satisfactory manner; two girls have since been cured by the same means: It is to be ob-

served, however, that none of these subjects were naturally blind.

The Philadelphia society for promoting agriculture, have unanimously adjudged their premium of a GOLD MEDAL for the greatest quantity of cheese, not less than 500 pounds weight, made on one farm in any of these States, to *Joseph Mambowson*, Esq; of Coventry, Kent County, Rhode-island; fourteen cheeses presented by this gentleman, weighed 500 pounds; and on his farm is annually made from about 5 to 6000 weight.

The society directed one of the cheeses to be sent to the President of the United States, as a specimen of the perfection to which the manufacture of cheese has attained in this country.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman who was lately in the Genesee country.

"One curiosity was a *Brimstone Spring*, which issues from two places about two rods apart, and about twenty rods from the bottom of a large hill, where it comes through apertures about five or six inches in diameter, and perfectly round, descending like a swift brook; there is a glade about four rods wide from the springs down to the bottom of the hill, which is quite clear, all the bushes, if ever there were any, are gone, and there is not much soil; it is rather a rock of divers colours, and all the way in or near the water, and on every level spot there is brimstone in some places 10 or 15 inches deep."

The River Patowmack obtains a station among the most distinguished rivers in the world, particularly interesting. The waters which form the land division of this river, before they are discharged into the basin, intersect in numberless geometrical figures, an extent of country much larger than Italy and Greatbritain, which they fertilize as they glide along to unite with the first rivers, capacious enough to contain the fleets of the universal world. The Thames, the Seine, the Rhone and the Garonne, are rivulets, when compared to floods that pervade the fertile valley of *Shamondob*, which give appellation to four magnificent rivers falling into the Patowmack, and will soon carry into his channel the production of a country four hundred miles in extent.

Providence, the source and primary cause of this opulence and grandeur, in his wisdom and goodness, created a Father to make these waters navigable and subservient to the elevation of America, amongst the wisest and greatest nations in the world. It is unnecessary to relate that this Father—this instrument of Providence—this chosen secondary cause of every blessing to the human

man race, is the illustrious **PRESIDENT** of the United States of America.

POUGHKEEPSIE, February 23.—In Ulster county, in the state of New York, on an island in the Neverlink Creek, nearly in the latitude of 41 : 30 North, a Mr. Baker in the beginning of the month of March last, having cut down a large hollow beech tree, to his surprise, found the cavity in the tree, nearly filled with the common barn swallows of this country, in quantity (by his estimation) nearly two barrels. They were in a torpid state ; but carrying some of those which were not injured by the fall of the tree, near a fire, they were presently reanimated by the warmth, and took the wing with their usual agility.—This may be relied on as a fact.

EXETER, MARCH 20.

We hear that the following melancholy and inhuman affair happened the 8th inst. at **Pittsfield**. Miss Dorothy Goss being delivered of an illegitimate child (altho the ad in number) and being apprehensive that her character would suffer among her acquaintance, endeavoured to effect its death, by smothering it with the clothes, while in bed, which appeared by substantial evidence—but whether she suffocated it or not we cannot vouch—but in the course of the evening handed the infant to her mother, wrapped up, who raked open the coals and gently laid it under the firestick. The mother of the child, sensible of the inhuman act, and stung with horror of conscience, ran in the extreme cold four miles, and hid herself in a barn. She was immediately apprehended, together with her mother, who confessed that they had burnt the child.

The following curious Advertisement appeared in a late Charleston paper :—

“Just arrived, **MONS. DE LA VOLATILE** : has brought over with him bosoms of the most lovely constructions, with other inviting prominences, after nature ; by which additions, elderly ladies may pass for belles of five and twenty. His artificial eyes are of a very beautiful assortment—brilliant black, languishing blue, and every other description, with or without eyebrows. He has a few sets of right African ivory teeth, planted in rose coloured enamel, of so curious a make, that ladies of the first rank may eat, drink, swear, lie, and talk scandal, without the least inconvenience. His white paste and rouge for cheeks, and enamel for lips, are confessedly superiour to the rose and fly of nature. A few sets of finger and toe nails, either by the parcel or separately.”

BOSTON, MARCH.

His Excellency the Governour, with the unanimous consent of the Council, has been pleased to appoint the Hon. Nathan Cushing, Esq; one of the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court of this State.

THE ARTS.

Nothing gives us more satisfaction, than

to note the happy advancement of the Arts and Sciences in our country. At present we have the peculiar pleasure of announcing to the Citizens of America, the completion, by Mr. Gullager, of an elegant bust of the President of the United States, in Plaster of Paris, as large as the life—in which the beholder, at first view, recognizes the Great Deliverer of our Country. The Connoisseurs who have visited Mr. Gullager's room, to examine this beautiful piece of statuary, are unanimous in pronouncing its merits, and the merits of the ingenious artist who has produced it.

Medals of the President of the United States are now striking at Philadelphia, which are said to convey great likenesses of our illustrious chief.

MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS. In Boston, Mr. William Cunningham, jun. to Miss Lois May ; Mr. William Heath, to Miss Betty Black ; Mr. William Doggett, to Mrs. Mary Russell ; Capt. Henry Burbeck, to Mrs. Abigail Webb ; Mr. William Little, to Miss Frances Boyd ; Mr. Ezekiah Chadwick to Miss Hannah Voat ; Mr. Dan. Jenkins, jun. of Scituate, to Miss Sally Hovey. At Charlestown, Mr. Naphtali Newhall, to Miss Sally Hooper.—At Plymouth, Mr. Benjamin Ives Gilman, of Marietta, to Miss Hannah Robbins.—At Lanesborough, Doctor Ezra Hoyt, to Miss Sally Smith.—At Hingham, Dr. Daniel Shute, to Miss Betsey Cushing.—At Andover, Mr. Joshua Johnson, to Miss Patty Spafford.—At Nantucket, Mr. Paul Bunker to Mrs. Rachel Coleman, their ages added together make 150, he 76, she 74 ; Mr. Zacheus May to Mrs. Judith Starbuck ; Mr. Labon Mitchell to Miss Elizabeth Freeborn ; Mr. Timothy Folger, jun. of Halifax, to Miss Sarah Joy ; Mr. Phillips Fosdick to Miss Heppy Gardner ; Mr. Charles Russell to Miss Hepzabeth Coffin ; Mr. George Lawrence, jun. to Miss Judith Spencer ; Mr. Thomas Coffin to Miss Anna Folger ; Mr. Obed Worth to Miss Jennet Townsend ; Mr. William Broch to Miss Rebecca Gardner.

NEWHAMPSHIRE. At Portsmouth, Richard Champney, Esq; to Miss Betsey Hickey ; Jonathan Chaubourne, Esq; of Berwick, to Miss Nancy Hale.

RHODEISLAND. At Providence, Mr. John Corlis, to Miss Susannah C. Russell.

ORDAINED.] At Lyme, Connecticut, Rev. Edward Porter.

DEATHS.

MASSACHUSETTS. In Boston, Mr. Ebenezer Torrey, aged 59 ; Miss Martha Greene, aged 27 ; Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson ; Mrs. Abigail Jones, consort of John Coffin Jones, Esq; Capt. Samuel Partridge, aged 74 ; Miss Elizabeth Perkins, aged 20 ; Mrs. Judith Proctor, aged 45 ; Mrs. Elizabeth Putnam, widow, aged 70 ; Mrs. Mary Du-

rant,

rant, aged 62; Mrs. Louis Kileup, aged 92; Miss Sally Appleton, aged 9; Miss Abigail Otis, aged 16; Mr. Recompence W. Stimson, aged 62; Mrs. Mary Kenney, aged 51; Miss Sally Goldthwait; Mr. William Knight, aged 60; Mrs. Mary Newman, aged 54.—At Dorchester, Samuel Coolidge, Esq; aged 39.—At Eastgreenwich, Mrs. Cranston, confort of Col. John Cranston.—At Roxbury Mr. William Williams, aged 71.—At Stoneham Capt. Peter Hay, aged 94.—At Little Cambridge, Peter Faneuil, Esq; aged 50.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Mary Holyoke, aged 91.—At Somers, Miss Bathiah Kingbury, of Franklin, aged 18.—At Lancaster, Mrs. Sarah Greenleaf.—At Sturbridge, Mr. Henry Fisk, aged 84.—Mr. William Howard, aged 86.—At Charlton, Mrs. Lydia Goodale, aged 96.—At Lenox, Mr. Elijah Hyde.—At Stockbridge, Mrs. Jemima Nash.—At Greatbarrington, Mrs. Chapman, aged 101 years, 6 months and 3 days.—At Worcester, Deacon Chamberlain, aged 70.—At Salem, Mr. John Pickering, aged 70; Mrs. Elizabeth Neal, widow, aged 20; Mr. Robert Watts, drowned.—At Danvers, Mr. Sylvester Proctor. At Beverly, Miss Sally Leech, aged 20; Mr. James Ohear, aged 60; Mrs. Rebecca Sears, aged 95. At Rowley, Mrs. Olive Nelson, aged 47. At Waltham, Mrs. Mary Stearns, aged 48; Mrs. Grace Peirce, aged 34. At Nantucket, Mrs. Betsey Gardner, confort of John Gardner, Esq; Mr. Ben. Swain; Miss

Deborah Swain. At Southborough, Mrs. Sarah Newton, aged 106 years; she retained her senses to the last; her mother lived 113 years, and one of her sisters 102 years. At Lincoln, Deacon Joshua Brooks, aged 70.

RHODEISLAND. At Newport, after a confinement of 15 years by a paralytick stroke, Mrs. Lyndon, aged 80, widow of the late Governour Lyndon.—At Providence, Mrs. Phebe Chace, aged 35.

CONNECTICUT. At Bethlem, Rev. Joseph Bellamy, D. D. aged 71.—At Weathersfield, Mr. Carter, aged 107.—At Lisbon, Mrs. Knight, aged 90.

NEWJERSEY. At Newark, Deacon Samuel Alling, aged 95. At Mount Kemble, Hon. Samuel Kemble, Esq. aged 86.

PENNSYLVANIA. At Marple, Dr. Bernard Vanlear, aged 104.

MARYLAND. At Baltimore, Capt. Jonathan Bruce, of Boston.

VIRGINIA.—At Dumfries, on his way to Congress, Hon. William Grayson, Senator of the United States from Virginia.

SOUTHCAROLINA. Baron Glaubeck, by his horse falling in leaping a ditch.

VERMONT. At Newbury, Rev. Jacob Wood.

Foreign DEATH.

At Montpelier, in South France, aged 129 years, Philip Louis de Vertot. He has left a son who is now in his 98th year, and a grandson who was 70 on the 20th day of August, on which day all dined together.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS, for MARCH, 1790.

D.	Barometer.			Thermometer.			Wind.	Weather.
	7 A.M.	1 P.M.	9 P.M.	7 A.M.	1 P.M.	9 P.M.		
1	29 91	30 04	29 91	19	31 5	28	W. S.	Fair. Cloudy.
2	47	29 43	47	34	40	31 5	NE. NW. E.	Cloudy, Fog.
3	07	29 00	31	35	42 5	23	SE. W.	Rain. Fair.
4	65	74	62	14	18 5	14 5	W.	Fair.
5	30 11	99	83	15	30 5	33 5	SW. S.	Fair. Haz. Clou.
6	29 46	23	18	35	50 5	37 5	SE. SW. W.	Rai. Clou. Ligh.
C	15	17	44	38	40 5	29 5	W.	Cloudy, Fair.
8	53	62	73	18	5 24	15 5	NW. W.	Fair, Cloudy.
9	99	30 03	30 14	2	14	11	NW. W.	Fair.
10	30 25	28	23	9	25	23	W.	Hazy, Cloudy.
11	07	29 69	29 54	27	36	27	E. SE. NW.	Sn. Ra. Fa. A. B.
12	29 75	91	30 05	27 5	36 5	30	NW.	Fair.
13	30 06	84	29 72	30	41	40	S.	Cloudy, Hazy.
C	29 79	83	81	35	44	34 5	SW.	Fair, Clou. Fair.
15	96	30 08	30 23	32	36 5	29 5	NW.	Fair.
16	30 35	26	09	22	35 5	29 5	NW. E. SE.	Hazy, Clou. Sno.
17	29 61	29 49	29 43	34	48 5	50	SE. SW.	Fog. Clou. Haz.
18	54	61	77	39	40	30 5	NW.	Clou. Fa. Au. Bo.
19	30 02	30 07	30 23	18	27 5	22	NW.	Fair.
20	45	42	29	18	32 5	30	NW. SE. S	Hazy, Cloudy.
C	29 98	29 88	29 90	44 5	57	47 5	SW.	Cloudy, Hazy.
22	90	79	75	38	42	33	SE. NE.	Cloudy, Snow.
23	77	89	99	33	37 5	32 5	NE.	Snow, Cloudy
24	94	77	56	33	34	34	SE.	Clou. Sn. Ra.
25	61	71	85	34	46	37 5	NW. W.	Fair.
26	93	94	79	35	42 5	36 5	W. NE.	Cloudy, Rain.
27	56	47	38	36	44 5	35 5	NE. SE. S.	Fog. Cloudy.
C	73	80	94	44 5	18 5	38 5	W.	Fair, Hazy.
29	30 04	30 05	98	32 5	35	33	NE. E.	Hazy.
30	29 94	29 96	30 00	32	42 5	32	E. NW.	Cloudy, Fair.
31	30 15	30 17	14	31 5	39 5	31	NW.	Fair.